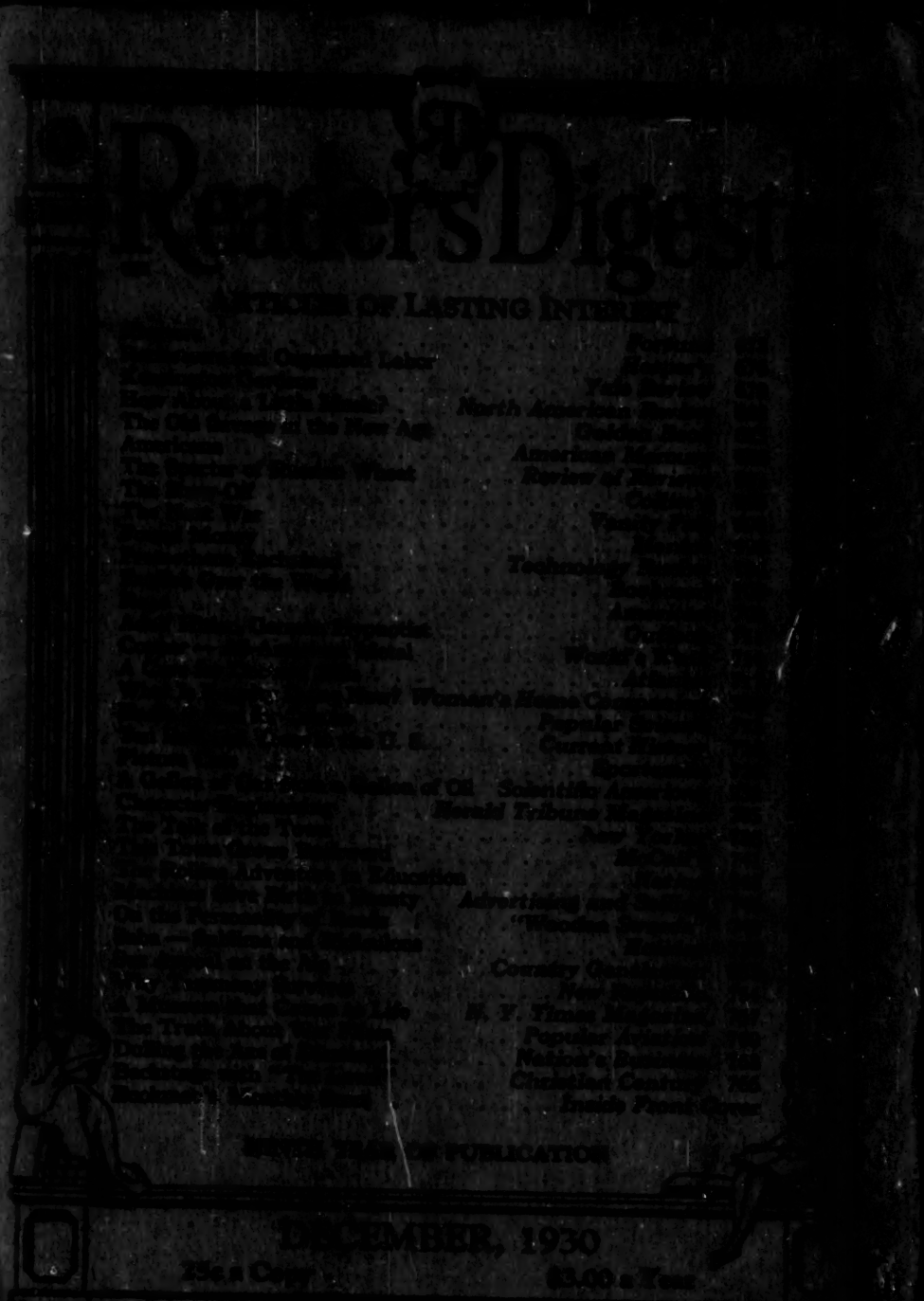
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The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (November, 1930)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

1.	Byron	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
2.	The Green Pastures	*Marc Connelly*	FARRAR & RINEHART
3.	The Human Mind	*Karl Menninger*	KNOPF
4.	New Worlds to Conquer	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS-MERRILL
5.	Journey's End	*R. C. Sherriff*	BRENTANO
6.	The Tragic Era*	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
7.	The Art of Thinking	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
8.	Treatise on the Gods	*H. L. Mencken*	KNOPF
9.	Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years	*Harriet Connor Brown*	LITTLE, BROWN
10.	A Preface to Morals*	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
11.	The Raven*	*Marquis James*	BOBBS-MERRILL
12.	The Meaning of Culture*	*John Cowper Powys*	NORTON

NOVELS

1.	Cimarron	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
2.	The Scarab Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
3.	Laughing Boy	*Oliver La Farge*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4.	All Quiet on the Western Front	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
5.	Exile	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
6.	Rogue Herries	*Hugh Walpole*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
7.	The Door	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	FARRAR & RINEHART
8.	The Selbys*	*Anne Green*	DUTTON
9.	Great Meadow	*Elizabeth Madox Roberts*	VIKING
10.	Chances*	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE, BROWN
11.	A Lantern in Her Hand*	*Bess Streeter Aldrich*	APPLETON
12.	Young Man of Manhattan	*Katharine Brush*	FARRAR & RINEHART

*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score last reprinted in the READER'S DIGEST (October Issue)

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Riveters

Condensed from Fortune (October, '30)

In a series of brilliant articles, under the heading "Skyscrapers," Fortune has portrayed the miracle of erecting skyscrapers in the midst of crowded New York. This sketch, "Riveters," is one detail in that series.

THE most curious fact about a riveter's skill is that he is not one man but four: "heater," "catcher," "bucker-up," and "gun-man." The gang is the unit. Riveters are hired and fired as gangs, work in gangs, and learn in gangs. If one member of a gang is absent on a given morning the entire gang is replaced. A gang may continue to exist after its original members have all succumbed to slippery girders or to the temptations of life on earth. And the skill of the gang will continue with it. Men overlap each other in service and teach each other what they know. The difference between a gang which can drive 525 heavy rivets in a day and a gang which can drive 250 is a difference of coördination and smoothness. You learn how not to make mistakes and how not to waste time.

The actual process of riveting is simple enough — in description. Rivets are carried to the job by the rivet boy, a riveter's apprentice whose ambition it is to replace one of the members of the gang. The rivets are dumped beside a small coke furnace which stands on a platform of loose boards roped to the steel girders and is tended by the heater. He wears heavy clothes to protect him from the flying sparks, and he holds a pair of tongs about a foot and a half long in his right hand. His skill appears in his knowledge of the exact time necessary to heat the rivets. If he overheats the steel, it will

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flake, and the flakes will permit the rivet to turn in its hole. That rivet will be condemned.

When the heater judges that his rivet is right, he turns to the catcher, who may be above or below him or 50 feet away on the same floor with the naked girders between. There is no means of handing the rivet over. It must be thrown. And it must be accurately thrown. The catcher is armed with a battered tin can with which to catch the red-hot steel.

The catcher's position is not exactly one which a sportsman catching rivets for pleasure would choose. He stands upon a narrow platform of loose planks near the connection upon which the gang is at work. If he moves more than a step or two, or loses his balance, he is gone. And if he lets the rivet pass, it is capable of drilling a man's skull 500 feet below as neatly as a shank of shrapnel. Why more rivets do not fall is the great mystery of skyscraper construction. The only reasonable explanation offered to date is the reply of an erector's foreman who was asked what would happen if a catcher let a rivet go by while the streets below were crowded. "Well," said the foreman, "he's not supposed to."

There is practically no exchange of words among riveters. They seem averse to speech in any form. The catcher faces the heater. He holds his tin can up. The heater swings his tongs, releasing one handle. The red iron arcs through the air in one of those parabolas so much admired by the stenographers in the neighboring windows. And the tin can clanks.

The catcher picks the rivet out of his can with a pair of tongs and rams it into the rivet hole. Then the bucker-up braces himself with his dolly bar, a short heavy bar of steel, against the capped end of the rivet. On outside wall work he is sometimes obliged to hold on by one elbow with his weight out over the street and the jar of the riveting shaking his precarious balance. And the gun-man lifts his pneumatic hammer to the rivet's other end.

The gun-man's work is the hardest, physically. The hammers weigh about 35 pounds. They must be held against the rivet end with the gun-man's entire strength, for a period of 40 to 60 seconds. And the concussion to the ears and to the arms is very great. The whole platform shakes and the vibration can be felt down the column 30 stories below.

Riveters work ordinarily eight hours a day at a wage of $15.40 a day. They are not employed in bad or slippery weather, and they are not usually on the regular pay roll of the erectors, but go from job to job following foremen whom they like. There is no great future for a riveter.

In fact, a riveter's future is not bright at all. The rates charged for compensation insurance are generally accepted as the best barometer of risk. Rates for riveters run from $23.45 to $30 per $100 of pay. The only higher rate is for wrecking work. For masons the rate is $6.07 and for carpenters $4.39. Figures on industrial accidents published by the U. S. Department of Labor bear the same connotation. In one year the frequency of accidents, per 1,000,000 hours' exposure; was 228.9 for fabricators and erectors as against 54 for general building.

There was an adage at one time current to the effect that it cost a life to a floor to build a skyscraper. The computation may have originated with a famous downtown building of 15 years ago in which, with steel at the fifth floor, five deaths had already occurred. (The Travelers Insurance Company, called in to take over the insurance in that case, made a study of the conditions of the job, recommended certain changes, enforced its own supervision, and saw the remaining 32 stories built with but one more fatality.) But to apply any such rule to 70-story buildings would be absurd. Nevertheless a bloodless building is still a marvel. Five Hundred Fifth Avenue, which has had no deaths to date, is used as an object lesson for builders by insurance companies, and the Chrysler Building, which was built with the loss of one life, was awarded a certificate of merit by the Building Trades Employers' Association. Four men were killed on the Manhattan Company job, and five were reported to have been killed on the Empire State by the middle of July. In general, deaths run from three to eight on sizable buildings.

The safety campaign in the construction industry is blocked by various causes of which the novelty of skyscraper construction and the prevalence of shoestring construction projects are two of the most obvious. More important than either, however, is the attitude of construction workmen. Their trade inures them to danger and they are, as a class, as willing to take risks for others as for themselves. A riveter who has seen three or four hundred red hot rivets a day kept off the heads of the members of the Stock Exchange by an old tin can gets used to the idea. In a recent accident case a man had been injured in the street by the fall of a hammer in use on a building half a block away. No possible wind velocity would account for the drift. The only explanation was that the hammer had been thrown from one man to another. And had missed.

Racketeers and Organized Labor

Condensed from Harper's (September, '30)

Louis Adamic

Mr. Adamic's forthcoming book, "Dynamite," will develop more fully the topic of this article

GANGSTERISM, or racketeering, has become a powerful factor in America's national life. All sorts of industries and enterprises are coming under its control. But, perhaps, the most egregious development of racketeering is within the organized labor movement. Here racketeering is a vital factor in what the radicals call the Class Struggle.

In attempting to understand this phenomenon, the reader should bear in mind that even at best the industrial worker's life is no picnic; that, while he has certain political rights and may quit his job and starve whenever he has the inclination, his environment does not very much outshine the old environment of the chattel slave. To exist he must work, and work hard. And an industrial crisis often deprives him of his job.

In self-defense he joins other men in a labor union, to coerce collectively the capitalists into giving him more pay. He and his fellow-workers strike, and sometimes they gain their demands, but very often they lose. During strikes they are slugged or shot at by company guards, intimidated and starved back to the job on the old terms. Then there comes a business depression—unemployment, wage-cuts, lockouts . . . *desperation.* The union is their only hope, and they are willing to go to almost any lengths to preserve it.

Thus, in the 1900's, large unions were driven to violence by the employers' campaigns against them. The Ironworkers' union, particularly, had to contend with the National Erectors' Association, at that time the most ruthless body of open-shop employers in the country, backed by powerful steel interests.

Builders and contractors employed scabs, refusing to give jobs to union men; and since a union can exist only when its members work and pay their fees, the executive council of the Ironworkers, supported by the desperate membership, adopted—in 1905—dynamite as the means to save the organization. Bombers were hired who went from city to city, carrying the dynamite in their suitcases on passenger trains, blowing up bridges and buildings erected by non-union labor. As

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was revealed in the McNamara trial in 1911, over 100 buildings and bridges were dynamited.

The intense unfavorable public reaction to the McNamara case, which sent 36 labor leaders to the penitentiary for long terms, caused the trade unions to abandon their strong-arm methods for a few years. Then, too, the War came along and, with the rising wage scale, labor had little cause to complain.

Immediately after the War, however, the unions once more found themselves in a desperate struggle for existence.

The employers, taking advantage of the widespread unemployment, along with anti-Red hysteria which they helped to foment, pressed for "Industrial Freedom" — a lovely phrase. Some of them refused to sell their products to, or buy raw materials from, other employers who would not adopt the open-shop policy. They lowered wages to almost the pre-war scale, while living costs stayed up.

The existence of their organizations being threatened once more, the "gorillas" in certain unions, with the desperate unemployed membership behind them, were again driven to dynamiting and slugging. But now they were more cautious. There must be no more McNamara cases. The actual dynamiters and sluggers must have no official connection with the unions. So they began to hire, sometimes through several intermediaries, professional gangsters who, to a great extent, were beyond the reach of the law. By 1920 bombs were popping once more, especially in Chicago.

I know personally a "Chicagorilla" who is chief of strong-arm operations of a big building-trades union. He introduced me to his slugger, an ex-pug, a tremendous animal who charges fifty dollars to go out and implant his fist on some scab's or labor foreman's face. "I gets my fifty," he told me, "then I goes out and finds the guy they wanna have slugged. I goes up to 'im and I says, 'My friend, by way of meaning no harm —' and then I gives it to 'im — *biff!* in the mug. Nothin' to it." One blow is enough; the sluggee usually passes out for a while. When he wakes up, often in a hospital, he ordinarily decides never again to displease any union. Scabbing is thus discouraged.

Nowadays slugging goes a long way in Chicago, with only an occasional bombing, toward convincing contractors that the unions mean to stay in business.

But labor racketeering from the point of view of extreme violence is now at its height, not in Chicago, but in New York.

In the summer of 1929 I sat, late one evening, in a friend's

home in the Bronx, when suddenly the neighborhood was lighted up by a fierce blaze in an almost completed apartment house. The building had evidently been drenched with coal-oil from top to bottom and "touched off." It was an incident in the "war" between labor racketeers and builders; the third incident of its kind in a few months, and later there were two more — the total damage exceeding $3,000,000.

I have little doubt that labor racketeering will increase. Last February, when the current unemployment crisis was at its height, I had a talk with the secretary of a large building-trades union. "More than half our men," he said, "have been out of work since early in the fall. The contractors are organized against us 100 percent. They're hiring scabs and we're losing control of the jobs we've fought 20 years to improve."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, suppose you were a responsible official of an organization of 10,000 men, all skilled workmen and willing to work, but nearly 70 percent of them unable to find jobs in their trade or any other trade. Remember that most of them are family men. They have mortgages on their homes and are paying for things on the installment plan. They'll lose everything unless you, the official, get them their jobs. You're paid to keep them supplied with jobs . . . What would you do if you were convinced that violence was the only means of saving the union?"

It was not an easy question to answer. He himself is opposed to violence. But his men are getting desperate. They demand work and expect the union officials to get it. They are becoming violence-minded. And eventually my friend will either have to hire sluggers and dynamiters to terrorize the scabs and scab-employers, or get out of the office.

The gangsters who do the dynamiting and slugging for the unions realize that such violence often saves unions from passing out; and eventually it occurs to them that the fees that they get out of the union treasury are too small. They propose to give the union steady "protection" at so much per month, and if the union officials reject such an offer, the latter very often are thrown out of office — sometimes physically — and their places are taken by "gorillas" friendly to the "protection" idea.

Although the great majority of trade unions as yet have nothing to do with racketeers and are steering clear of violence, the gangsters are making such swift progress that the situation deserves the concerned attention of social-minded people.

Kensington Gardens

Condensed from The Yale Review (Autumn, '30)

James Truslow Adams

Eminent American historian, author of "Our Business Civilization," "The Adams Family," etc.

WE HAVE been living and making a living in London. My wife and I took a flat overlooking Kensington Gardens and "settled in." Our first year is ended and I have been trying to sort out my impressions as a resident.

I shall not dwell on advantages of a physical sort, such as the relief to find an "underground" that is swift but never crowded. I am trying to discover the more subtle effects on mind and spirit. One such effect is marked. We have scholars in America, even in politics, but I have always found a wider range of interest, a more philosophical playing with ideas, in the Englishman of any given type than in his American cousin.

Take for example Lord Haldane. Working up from comparative poverty, he spent much time in Parliament and was pronounced by Kitchener "the greatest Secretary of State for War that England ever had"; yet his works include 19 volumes, mostly philosophical, such as his "Reign of Relativity." The same holds good in other departments. We do not expect an American professor of astronomy to reinforce a scientific point with a quotation from Shakespeare or Milton, as does Eddington. In pondering over such men I had mournfully come to the conclusion that there was something different in the texture of the English mind. But the difference applies to the Continental mind as well as the English. What American statesman of today would leave two such volumes as Clemenceau's "In the Evening of My Thought"?

Something interesting has happened to my own mind over here, as resident, that throws its own small ray of light on the problem of how the English or European mind accomplishes so much in so many fields. I have done more work over here, and my editors tell me better in quality, than I ever did in a year at home. Ideas have flowed into my mind as never before, and although I have traveled for nearly five months and written over 250,000 words in the other seven, I have had the time and inclination for all sorts of reading I could not "get in" in New York. I find myself rereading Goethe's "Faust," Marcus Aurelius, Sophocles. I have read through all of "Paradise Lost," as well as a good bit in current science and philosophy.

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Thinking harder and writing faster than I did at home, there is leisure for all sorts of things. How does it happen?

I think two facts in part explain it. One is that there is no friction here in daily life. That may seem a small matter but I have come to the conclusion it is not. At every turn the contacts of life are oiled by good nature and courtesy. Every contact, whether with a subway guard, a shop clerk, a taxi driver, or one's distinguished hostess, moves on a perfect bearing. Daily life is tremendously "efficient" as compared with America, where friction has become terrific. The whole business of life in England leaves one unfatigued and untroubled. In running a car we know that if we forget the oil we shall burn out the bearings. We Americans too often forget the oil in our contacts everywhere, and we wear ourselves out without reason.

But there is another point. We in America live as the passengers of a vessel, cut off from the rest of the world. American history is made to begin in 1492 or 1783 as you please. Here, on the other hand, one comes to feel a part of the whole stream of European civilization from the Greeks onward. It is not simply that the monuments are all about one, that in one direction from my flat is Westminster Abbey emblazoning the whole pageant of European history, or in another the finest sculptures from the Parthenon. It is something more subtle. It is a sense of continuity. Here Aeschylus, Marcus Aurelius, or Dante are in the direct line that leads from Athens through Rome and Florence to my flat by Kensington Gardens.

Stuart Sherman once pleaded that much greater emphasis should be placed on American literature in our education on the ground that, although it might be inferior to the European, it was better qualified, merely because it was native, to bring home to us the life of people who lived under our own national conditions. The contention had some truth in it, for even great thought loses some of its power to mould us if it is not closely akin to the whole inherited *milieu* of our contemporary thought and outlook. In spite of jealousies and strife, it has been realized since the Great War that there is a unity to the European mind. The greatest literature the world has produced is not alien but akin to it. It does not have to submit itself to the discipline of the second- or third-rate because those alone possess that quality of kinship which has to replace greatness. The American mind has been disinherited; the European is a direct heir.

I do not claim there may not

be some compensating advantages in the wholly fresh start that America has made; but I do think that until one has really lived here one does not realize how completely fresh that start is. In America there is a present and a future and a comparatively negligible past. Here there is a present and a future and an immensely important past. The kind of mind developed in a two-dimensional world is different from that developed in a three-dimensional one.

And so, as I finish this page and turn to my fire to read Robert Bridges' "Testament of Beauty," which I would never have had time to read in New York, I wonder if living over here has not to some extent solved for me the problem of the breadth and philosophy of the English mind. One works steadily and hard, but with no friction and with a sense of leisure. One has somehow become Lord of the Manor of one's own soul. One's mind, no longer hurried and harried, no longer crushed and crumpled by a sense of pressure, smooths itself out. Without effort, it responds to the tradition of the civilization of which it forms a part — a tradition which is embodied in tangible shape in a thousand forms about one.

In spite of the so-called complexity of an old civilization, life really is simpler here. The toys and tools of life, its motors and radios, somehow take their proper place *as* toys and tools, amusing or useful, and the great realities become again realities — life and death, joy and sorrow, art, love, thought, Fate. As one lives in London and contrasts it with New York, it is as though a turbulent flood, carrying all the flotsam and jetsam of needless things and needless struggles, had subsided and left uncovered again the old landscape of the human heart.

The problems of that heart begin to occupy one as naturally here as do its toys at home. Homer and Aeschylus again become our kin; the flippancy of an Erskine shrivels before the fire of a Marlowe, and Helen once more becomes the beauty that fires men's souls. And so, as I look over the trees in Kensington Gardens, I wonder how it will all seem when in a few weeks I am once again only one of the million scurrying ants in Times Square, a transitory spark in the blast furnace of American "prosperity," a link in the endless chain of production, distribution, consumption. What, after all, is the best use to make of this dream we call life? The dusk has fallen. The curtains are drawn. The fire glows, and I turn to "The Testament of Beauty."

Next month: Provocative impressions that assailed the author when he plunged again into the rush of American life

How About a Little Music?

Condensed from The North American Review (November, '30)

Sigmund Spaeth

Celebrated music critic and organizer of community music, author of "Read 'em and Weep" and a dozen other books on musical subjects

A NOTED musical educator was addressing a group of New York business men at luncheon. Before starting, he handed out a large assortment of toy instruments — drums, trumpets, harmonicas, tambourines, triangles, and so on. Every adult male in that room began to toot and bang and whistle and clang as if his life depended on making as much noise as possible. The educator allowed the racket to proceed for several minutes. Then he raised his hand for silence and said: "The next time one of your youngsters does that, remember how you behaved under the same temptation just now."

How many people have gone through life with the suspicion they might have played some musical instrument if they had only had a chance? How many have tried their hand at something of the sort, "just for the fun of it," only to be put off by the reminder that they would "have to practise an hour a day?" Has any child ever been shown the keyboard of a piano without wanting to play on it immediately? What about the satisfaction of picking out "America" with one finger? Or of following the black keys down and up in that silly little tune "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater?"

It is not generally realized that those five black keys represent the five-toned scale, one of the oldest patterns of folk-music. The "natural musician" who feels that he can play "only the black keys" (which, incidentally, is the feeling of Irving Berlin, Charles K. Harris of "After the Ball" fame, and many other song writers), is following in the footsteps of the troubadours and the Scottish minstrels. When you played "Chop Sticks," you were experimenting with the two most important chords of musical harmony, the tonic and the dominant. Even the simple act of beating time with the foot, to an insistent march or waltz tune, indicates an instinctive grasp of the two fundamentals of rhythm.

Is it any exaggeration to say that practically everyone is a potential musician of some sort? Certainly surprising results have been achieved when the raw material was caught young and properly trained, not by scales and hours of dull practice, but by

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the realization that music is a game, and the insistence that the element of fun be kept uppermost.

Teaching methods have changed very decidedly, and there are more than a few adults who have made up their minds to give themselves once more the chance they overlooked when they were young. With the old bugbear of five-finger exercises removed, and a variety of practical systems whereby anyone can actually "play pieces" after only a few lessons, business men and women are finding it possible to develop a recreational and social asset they once would have considered barred from their experience.

Perhaps the most interesting development of the piano situation has been the "class system" of instruction. Instead of taking a teacher's time to explain the same fundamentals to each pupil separately, the whole thing is done in groups, incidentally adding the important factor of competition. The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music last year received requests from nearly 4000 communities for information concerning class piano instruction. The good old upright isn't dead yet by any means. It has taken some stiff wallops from the automobile, the phonograph, and the radio in turn, but it still remains the king of musical instruments and a definite necessity in the cultivated home.

One advantage we have over our parents is that there are more instruments to choose from. Besides piano, we now have ukuleles, mandolins, guitars, Irish harps, zithers, 'cellos and bass fiddles on the string side, and saxophones, trumpets, trombones, melophones, Sousaphones, clarinets and flutes to develop the wind. All of these are within the reach of the average amateur. If he is too modest to woo a regular instrument, he has a choice of a wide variety of playthings. He can get an imitation saxophone or clarinet on which he can pick out most of the simpler tunes. Or a trombone flute in which the notes change rather vaguely but by no means unmusically. There are also the tin penny whistle and the mournful ocharina.

The ideal starting point is the harmonica or mouth organ, available in a great variety of types and sizes, from a toy to a really expressive musical instrument. Harmonica bands are already common in schools and from them many a youngster has progressed to the mastery of a regular band instrument. If you have a good ear, however, and scorn mechanical helps, you will get most fun out of a so-called "flexatone." This is simply a little piece of flexible steel in a wire frame equipped with a handle. On each

side is a small wooden hammer which causes the steel to vibrate as you shake it. A variety of tones can be produced by pressing one end of the steel with your thumb. The quality is clear and sweet and you can secure a surprising accuracy of pitch.

With various types of xylophones, marimbas, gongs, drums and other instruments of percussion it is not difficult for any child or adult to work out the simpler patterns of rhythm and melody. "Rhythm orchestras," in which the players merely have to keep time on various instruments, are now an essential part of the kindergarten; and these youngsters of early musical training generally develop into efficient members of the school bands which today give zest to the life of nearly every American community.

It has been found that boys and girls can learn to play band instruments acceptably in a few weeks' time, again chiefly through mass instruction. The same principle is being applied orchestrally, with its climax in a remarkable summer camp for young orchestra players, conducted by that musical pioneer, Joseph Maddy, and the National High School Orchestra, which recently made a successful concert tour.

In the last national contest, 650 school bands competed for the prizes offered by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. This was four times as many as in the previous year, and most of these youngsters, incidentally, came from the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas and Iowa.

These young musicians are not being trained for professional careers, any more than our athletic coaches expect to turn their charges into commercialized hirelings of sport. American athletics aim chiefly at the development of good physical habits that will last a lifetime. In the same way our new conception of music as an everyday recreation may in time produce mental and spiritual habits that will add appreciably to the enduring satisfactions of life.

This is only a fleeting survey of what is going on musically in our rather haphazard country which does not take its art very seriously but which seems to realize nevertheless, that a continuous routine of hard work (and even harder entertainment) may have its drawbacks, and that there may be fun in taking even a small part in a game which has long held its place among the supreme pleasures of human society.

The Old Savage in the New Age

Condensed from The Golden Book Magazine (November, '30)

Raymond Blaine Fosdick

Distinguished lawyer and author, former Undersecretary General, League of Nations

THE question that confronts our generation is whether or not our shifting physical environment has outrun our capacity for adaptation. Is human society being gorged with innovations too great for its powers of assimilation? It is not the *fact* of change; it is the *rate* of change that constitutes the danger. The over-rapid alteration of artificial environment may annihilate mankind no less certainly than the over-rapid modification of natural environment wiped out saber-toothed tiger and mastodon.

The advance of the last three generations has been almost exclusively along the line of the natural sciences — physics, chemistry and biology. In spite of his new weapons and increased powers, man himself remains as he always has been — irrational, impulsive, emotional, bound by customs which he will not analyze, the victim of age-old conventions and prejudices — probably not far removed from his paleolithic ancestors. The social sciences have advanced scarcely at all. This divergence between the natural sciences and the social sciences, between machinery and control, between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of the spirit — this is where the hazard lies. Science has given man power and weapons which the utmost wisdom could scarcely be trusted to use aright.

Unless we can marshal behind such studies as economics, political science and sociology the same enthusiasm and something of the same technique that characterize our treatment of physics and chemistry; unless the results of this research can be applied to human life as boldly as we apply the natural sciences to modify our methods of living; unless we can free ourselves of stale custom and harness intelligence to the task of straightening out the relations of man with his fellow men — then pessimism has the better of the argument.

Face the extraordinary contrast between our willingness to make any change whatever in physical environment and our obstinate determination to leave unaltered our relations to the world and to each other. For example, physics gives us the internal combustion engine or the principles of communication by electricity. With what feverish activity we seize upon these

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ideas! With a thousand minds working upon them, they are brought to such completion that we soon soar through the air and talk to friends a thousand miles away. Nobody stops to ask what Isaac Newton, two hundred years ago, would have thought of these innovations. Nobody questions their propriety because they do not follow the theories of Michael Faraday. Nobody tries to impede their development by attacking the character of the inventors.

But let economics and political science develop the principle that the world we live in is an economic unit and that interrelationship has developed to a point where some international machinery is necessary to handle the common interests of mankind — what happens? We ask what George Washington would have thought of it 125 years ago. We summon tradition to bear witness that the thing has never been done before. We impugn the character of the chief inventor, and fight over the matter in political campaigns. For the detachment of the laboratory we substitute the emotion of the torchlight procession.

It makes no difference how essential the change may be to the social order. Whether it be in eugenics, or in economics in an effort to distribute more fairly the rewards of industry, or in law through the establishment of a new international court, the response is invariably the same. We condemn the man who dares preach a new method of salvation. "He perverteth the people," we cry. "Crucify him!"

Of course, 300 years ago this same Calvary awaited the prophets of the natural sciences. Galileo, Giordano Bruno, Francis Bacon, Descartes — these were the early saints of the Kingdom of Truth, by whose integrity we are free. Bruno was burned at the stake; Descartes in terror suppressed his own books; and Galileo, under duress, knelt before ten scarlet-clad cardinals to amend the solar system which he had disarranged. For 300 years was waged the war for intellectual freedom in relation to the natural sciences. Only by dint of sacrificial devotion was the war won. Harvey, Newton, Darwin, Huxley — these were the gallant souls who dared to break with the past, who faced the invective invariably leveled against proponents of new ideas.

But as far as the freedom of the social sciences is concerned, the war has just begun. Any attempt to bring to bear on human affairs the same critical analysis that we apply to electrons or glands or the stellar spaces is met with angry opposition. Innovations in social institutions and economic ideas frighten us. Much of

our education is directed toward this same traditionalism: instilling belief that our laws and institutions necessarily contain permanent qualities of reality. As for the prophets of new ideas in the social and economic field, our inclination is to classify them as enemies of society. They are radicals, Reds, dangerous men, tampering with the foundations of order; they dare to subject to scrutiny the customs we have received as a sacred trust from the past.

Yet we are living in a world utterly different from any existing before. Science has suddenly compressed the planet we occupy. On top of this, science has scattered weapons of destruction far more deadly than man ever possessed; so that, suddenly armed to the teeth, he is asked to live in peace crowded together with neighbors whom he never knew before and for whom he has no particular liking. All this has happened in 100 years — so quickly that it finds the race utterly unprepared in religion, ethics, law, economics and government to meet the innumerable exigencies that have arisen.

This is the challenge we face in our generation. It requires a public opinion eager to encourage creative work in the sphere of human relationships. Derangement of human affairs is so extensive that bewildering opportunities await on every hand. Our views of property, our conceptions of government, our systems of education, our churches, laws, notions of right and wrong — these are legitimate laboratory materials of the new inquiry. No longer can the world build sanctuaries for the protection of ideas. We are not called upon to adopt all the new ideas. Many will ultimately be proved wrong. We are asked rather for a sympathetic attitude toward the creative purposes out of which the ideas come.

But if we are to develop real ability to face the truth with fearless eyes, then we must be prepared as new light comes to free ourselves from the old forms that have narrowed our thinking. We need not fear that we shall progress too fast. The overwhelming danger is that we shall not be able to progress fast enough. There is plenty of conservatism in the world. What we need in our time is not a brake for the chariot of progress but motive power. Our business is not to look behind but to look ahead along the road over which mankind is moving. The past cannot be altered, the future is plastic. For the past we have no moral concern, for the future we are responsible. "We are still the heirs of all the ages that have gone, but we are no less truly the ancestors of all the ages that are to come."

Americana

Excerpts from American Mercury

CALIFORNIA: The birth of a new science in San Diego, as announced in the *Modern Clubwoman* of that town:

IS YOUR CHILD CORRECTLY NAMED?
There is a science in names and numbers, the vibrations of which unconsciously affect one's thought and action. Is your child handicapped by an unsuitable name — or are you?
Consultation by appointment
MARY TUTTLE COLBY
4638 Terrace Drive

TESTIMONY in *Pisgah*, official organ of the Pisgah Home Movement, Los Angeles:

I was dying of diabetes. The doctor said he could not help me. I phoned you for prayer and now the same doctor says he can find no trace of the disease.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: News item from the eminent Washington *News:*

Traffic lights will be installed along K street immediately, if the housewives along that thoroughfare have any influence with Traffic Director Howland. He is being importuned daily to speed the work. It seems that the interval of three green lights and three red ones with their intermediate ambers, is exactly the time for cooking soft-boiled eggs. Therefore, the matrons are piqued at the delay in providing them with the culinary accessory enjoyed by housewives on other light-controlled highways.

FLORIDA: Resolution of the Associated Dailies of Florida in convention assembled at Jacksonville:

Whereas, the American people have advanced physically to a point where prehensile members no longer are part of the anatomy: . . . .

And, whereas, there has arisen in Florida a recrudescence of ape-like tendencies on the part of the younger generation for publicity purposes only, whereby the youth of the land sit in trees and sit and sit, in the hope that their sitting will be directed to the attention of the community.

Now, therefore, be it resolved that it is the sense of the Associated Dailies of Florida, that its members refrain from publishing any further items concerning tree-sitters, unless and until they or any of them fall and break their necks: with the view of protecting the children of the several Florida communities from the possibility of reverting to the original type.

ILLINOIS: Divine worship in the immortal town of Herrin, as described by the *Illinois Central Magazine:*

"All Aboard" was the title of a railway sermon preached at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Herrin, by the pastor, the Rev. Frank W. Pimlott. The ushers used lanterns in seating the people and an electric train was installed and run by Walter Rodenburg to lend color to the service. A male quartet sang "Life's Railway to Heaven" and Eddie Smith played "Railroad Blues" on a French harp. Pictures of locomotives, the Lady Elgin, built in 1852, and the Fontaine, freak engine built in 1888, were exhibited. At the opening of the service C. B. Nesler, the orchestra director, started the train after the pastor had called "All Aboard!" The exhaust of the locomotive was heard as the train slowly pulled out. The bell rang, the whistle blew. When the train was speeding along the congregation began singing "I'm Bound for the Promised Land." At the close of the song the train was brought to a stop.

A NEW champion appears in the grand old town of Champaign:

J. Bruce Haney of Kansas City, Mo., fell asleep during the noon hour today and Mrs. H. B. Schmidt of Champaign, was declared

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the winner in a rocking chair marathon. At the time Haney was disqualified the two had rocked 280½ hours. Mrs. Schmidt continued rocking in an effort to make a record.

KANSAS: Sermon-subject at the Baptist Church of Cherryvale:

CAN A BOBBED HAIRED WOMAN GO TO HEAVEN?

KENTUCKY: Public notice in the eminent Danville *Daily Messenger:*

Anyone having a wife or husband, son or daughter, son-in-law or daughter-in-law, father-in-law or mother-in-law or any other dear relatives estray in the Summer evenings, will, if they are anxious about these wanderers, probably find them parked in my lane. Those financially or otherwise responsible for these strays must either pay for parking space, furnish bail or pay fine for trespass. Will be glad to furnish inquirers with numbers of car or other information that will lead to recovery of these wandering ones.

JOHN L. BOSLEY.

ASSOCIATED Press dispatch from Louisville:

A radio listeners' endurance contest was won here today by Mrs. Mildred Daniel, who was declared the winner after she had gone for 106 hours without sleep. The runner-up, S. W. Van Norman, fell asleep this morning shortly after six o'clock. Mrs. Daniel was delirious from exhaustion soon after she returned to her rooming-house. The contest was held in a downtown window with a $200 radio as the prize. More than 60 contestants entered.

MASSACHUSETTS: Cultural news from the incomparable Boston *Herald:*

A correspondent has suggested to Director of Public Celebrations Frank B. Howland that all male lineal descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans forego shaving during the tercentenary celebration. During a recent historical observance in California, many of the men who claimed to be related to the original '49ers raised beards. Howland believes the suggestion to be worthy of general recognition.

MINNESOTA: Esthetic note from Minneapolis:

MacPHAIL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
LaSalle at 12th Street

Why not make your hunting trip an enjoyable one this Fall and every Fall?

Learn to talk duck. You will be astonished at the results. Instructions in the art of calling ducks, and lectures on everything else pertaining to duck-hunting are now being given by Oscar Quam, who needs no introduction to the hunting public.

The first group of men to finish the course are enthusiastic about the way they can talk duck — away beyond their expectation. . . . The course is $12 and can be taken individually or in classes.

MISSOURI: Complete report of a travel talk by a Kansas City lady in the celebrated *Star* of the same town:

In a four-month tour of Europe, Hungary was the only country where Mrs. A. D. Flinton was able to find corn on the cob served, she said yesterday in a travel talk at the Westminster Congregational Church.

NEW JERSEY: News of the spiritual life in Lebanon, as reported by the eminent Newark *Evening News:*

That the Reformed Church prayer meeting goers may hear Amos 'n' Andy broadcast Wednesday nights and attend the church's prayer meeting, too, the hour for the service has been changed from 7 until 7:30 P.M.

THE GREAT town of Westfield, through the Associated Press, presents the world with a new champion:

Mrs. F. W. Taylow of Westfield is an enthusiastic radio listener. She has owned a radio receiver five years, and for the first four years of listening she averaged ten hours a day. A year ago she bought a new set, and her average went up to 16 hours. Besides her listening ability, she reports that she writes at least 1000 letters a year to radio artists and stations.

NORTH CAROLINA: Ecclesiastical notice in the Asheville *Citizen:*

Sunday Night
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Hear Pastor Owen Discuss

1. Will There Be Any Bootleggers in Heaven?
2. How do sons-in-law get along with mothers-in-law in Heaven?

Pastor Owen is original. He gives you thoughts no other preacher ever suggested,—you never read them in a book, either.

PENNSYLVANIA: Good news for Pittsburgh booklovers in the celebrated *Press* thereof:

David D. Cadugan, 960 Davis Ave., is the new librarian of the North Side Carnegie Library, succeeding C. B. Connelly who resigned to become a member of the city council. Cadugan was elected to the place by a unanimous vote of council. His name was presented by Councilman Little. Cadugan has been chief clerk of the Allegheny County Road Department for several years. He is the first lieutenant of Samuel J. Grenet, Republican leader of the 27th ward.

PERSONAL news item in the *Jewish Criterion*, one of the glories of Pittsburgh:

Business man, aged 29, with means, will marry refined girl who has a brother that will marry his sister who is young, attractive and intelligent. All replies strictly confidential. Write "W." *Criterion.*

GENERAL: An advertisement in the London *Times:*

AMERICANS: Lady will sell infant clothes of Charles II for a price within the reach of all.

The Most Thoughtful Letters

OUR request for comments on the most significant article in the September issue brought veritable bales of excellent contributions. It was a privilege to read them and a trying task to judge among so many of great merit. In announcing the following payments, we wish to express sincere thanks to the many other readers who contributed extraordinarily keen and constructive comments.

First award ($25): J. L. Harrison, East Falls Church, Va. *Second ($15):* J. Ellen Wolgamuth, Columbia Falls, Mont. *Third ($10):* Anna Marsh Reed, North Syracuse, N. Y.

Twenty-five payments of $2 each: James W. Apgar, Passaic, N. J.; Annabel Atkinson, Little Rock, Ark.; Edith S. Ballon, Canon City, Colo.; George R. Berry, Ottawa, Ont.; Marjorie Billing, Colorado Springs, Colo.; F. A. Boggess, Boulder, Colo.; Mildred Caseres, Berkeley, Calif.; Paul M. Eberhardt, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Wesley Gregg, Saint Joseph, Mo.; John Hedberg, West Lafayette, Ind.; A. J. Keck, Aurora, Colo.; Albert E. Kirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. K. Lamoree, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Adelia Leavitt, Oconomowoc, Wisc.; H. W. Luce, Hartford, Conn.; W. F. Marshall, San Bernardino, Calif.; Hazel E. Murphy, Green Bay, Wisc.; Edwin Neal, Keota, Iowa; Anna Keil Robinson, Portland, Ore.; Rev. S. H. Soper, New Liskeard, Ont.; Mary S. Sproat, Iowa City, Iowa; F. E. Stevens, Bucharest, Roumania; Frances B. Strain, Cincinnati, Ohio; Grace Michaels Toll, Berlin, Wisc.; Louise W. Wood, Bay, Ohio.

The Specter of Russian Wheat

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (November, '30)

Alzada Comstock

Professor of economics at Mount Holyoke College, and visitor to Russia during the wood-pulp and wheat furore

IT IS late July, in the North Caucasus. On the Soviet farm called "Giant" a fleet of American tractors is sweeping down the ripe grain. The harvest is good.

Late August, in Moscow. Outside the doors of the state and coöperative shops are lines of women with market baskets. "So the harvest is good, you say? What help is that for us? All the government ever thinks of is grain. What we want is meat, and milk for the babies."

September, in Chicago. Through the depressed grain market runs the words "Russian wheat." The price drops. Wires are crowded. Washington is excited. The capitals of Europe and the seat of the League of Nations occupy themselves with investigations of "Soviet dumping."

Here, briefly, is the problem of Soviet wheat. The sequence runs straight from the socialization of agriculture, through the commodity shortage in Moscow, to the hysteria in foreign grain markets.

The dispute over the sales of wheat by the Soviet Union in the United States has done more to explain to Americans the economic requirements of that remote Communist state than all the Bolshevist propaganda of a decade. In this critical year of the Soviet Union's fight for life, exports are the most effective tools. The core of the Soviet emergency is the need to sell abroad, and to sell quickly, in order to pay for machinery imports and so to fulfil the great Five-Year Plan of Industrial Development which began in 1927. Wheat and lumber shipments represent an integral part of a plan.

The Soviet Government urgently needs ready cash for the service of the only god which it now worships — Mechanization. To this god the Russians on bended knees have promised all things: new steel plants and cotton mills and tractor factories, so that industrial production may have more than doubled in 1933; and the rule of the tractor and combine on the land.

If any one doubts that mechanization has absorbed the great religious fervor of which the Slavic soul is capable, let him talk to the peasant boy, whose small life is fired with the dream of some day driving a tractor; read

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Panferov's novel *Brusski*, with its story of the coming of the first American tractor to a village on the Volga; study a typical poster showing on the left a decaying church and on the right a tractor.

Only agriculture is capable of supplying the exports in return for which foreign machinery for the factories can be bought. But after the Revolution, agriculture weakened. Moscow had first requisitioned the crops, then levied heavy taxes upon the peasants, and finally offered nominal prices for grain while it demanded high prices for manufactured goods. Grain production fell alarmingly. Without wheat, the god of mechanization could not be served. Large-scale, state-controlled farming must come, and it must be brought about in such a way that the peasants should not feel that the Communist Revolution had betrayed them.

The solution was found in the extension of state and collective farms and the abolition of the class of well-to-do peasants called *kulaks*. By the summer of 1930 there were over 100 of these large farms — units of 75,000 to 300,000 acres, with all the advantages of the best Western machinery.

Days in the height of the harvest of 1930 on the great 300,000-acre state farm "Giant" are dramatic and unforgettable. Forty miles apart across the farm, held together by the thin line of the railroad, lie the two towns which with their railway stations, grain elevators, machine shops, stores, dormitories, and restaurants, do the farm's business.

Far out on the plains, so far that even the tops of the grain elevators have dropped below the horizon, the wheat is being harvested — 200,000 acres in eight days. In three shifts, 24 hours a day, the work goes on. All night long the glow of the combines' flood lights is seen against the sky, and all night long the drone of their engines fills the fields.

Back in the towns which serve the farm, existence is pleasant and almost gay. The restaurants are full of life, and in the streets at twilight there is music and dancing. Tractor and combine drivers, in their working clothes, stroll along keeping to themselves, like the aristocracy of labor which they are.

Within the year these state farms have begun to win the confidence of the peasants, who used to think, with Tolstoy's peasants, that machines poisoned the land. But, with the example of state farms before them, collective farms have grown so fast that they account for about two-fifths of this year's crop and have already accomplished their part of the Five-Year Plan. Yet the pooling of land, farm machinery, and draft animals which the ordinary collectivization plan involves

has raised critical problems in the villages and has shaken Russia to the Kremlin itself.

For several months, moving to a climax in February, 1930, the Soviet Government drove hard for collectivization. Every possible type of social and even physical pressure was applied. The *kulaks*, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain, were driven from the villages and their property was confiscated. The middle peasants, the *sbredniaks*, saw both advantages and disadvantages. The poor peasants, or *bedniaks*, had everything to gain from an organization to which they contributed nothing and which supplied them with land and tools.

By February more than five million *kulaks* had been ruined. By the first of March more than one-half of the farms in the Soviet Union had been collectivized. In the villages there was tumult. Moscow learned that the peasants were slaughtering their cattle, sheep, horses, and pigs before they joined the collectives, so that they might get the profit rather than surrender their property to the collectives. Tools, seed, and other goods went the same way. The reports were verified, and it was found that it would be months and even years before the losses could be made good. More disturbing still were the signs of political unrest.

Suddenly, on March 2, Stalin ordered the work of collectivization slowed down. He warned against collectivization "by military force" in unsuitable areas, and against pushing the change so far that pigs, poultry, and dwelling houses were collectivized.

The public was now confused as well as alarmed. At first there was a rush to abandon collectives, and on April 3, Stalin found it necessary to warn the people against the exodus. Those peasants who had retired, he said, would soon regret it, as they would find that as individuals they could not get stock, machinery, and tools from the Government.

The intense feeling of the winter and spring has partly abated, and the collective today is a pleasanter spot. The members are ordinarily well content, realizing that the Government will give them every possible advantage in tractors, tools, and seed; that it will send them men and machinery from the nearest state farms as soon as the state's own harvesting is over.

"On the Way to Socialism," a large collective farm, has more than 60,000 acres under cultivation and 5800 men, women, and children in its organization. Its yield per acre has greatly increased under collectivization. The harvest is divided according to the work done, for even here there are different grades of

labor; and at the end there is a bonus for those who brought most into the collective. This farm is to give the Government 45 percent of its wheat this year.

Outside the collective are 75 peasant households whose heads say they prefer not to work just so many hours a day under orders. Some of them are relatives of expelled *kulaks* and others are by nature dissenters. Among them are unsatisfied boys and girls who claim that collectivists "have more fun."

The old Russia is not yet gone. Within the hour one may pass from the American combine, charging through limitless fields, to the bent woman gathering her wheat with a sickle; from the stucco houses of the experimental station to the mud and straw huts of the backward, uncollectivized village; from the hot-and-cold showers of the state farm to the well in the middle of the old village street. Half the agricultural product still comes from the private farms.

The "socialized sector" is that which is producing, after lean years, the small surplus of grain for export. Russia needs about 80 million tons of grain for home use. This year's crop apparently stands at about 90 million tons, one-third of which is wheat. The proportion of this surplus which can be exported is not yet known; probably it is not far from five million tons. But Moscow will force the exports to the utmost, for the Five-Year Plan is at stake; and the price which they bring abroad may be a small element in international grain transactions, but it will be an important factor in Soviet economy.

In this manner the needs of the Plan have altered the face of the Russian land within the last two years. To the plan is also due the diversion of capital and energy into new channels; the hurried purchases of tractors abroad and the erection of agricultural machinery plants at home; and, in the last analysis, the foreign sales of lumber, oil, and other products in return for which cash may be got quickly.

The new god, Mechanization, has already demanded his sacrifices. Are there no vegetables or fruits in the state stores? — one is told that the freight cars are loaded with building materials and machinery. Is there a scarcity of shoes and woollen coats as the northern cities face the cold of the Russian winter? — the credits were needed for the steel mills and the tractor factories, so that other plants are idle.

"Soon, little brother," the answer runs, "when the Five-Year Plan is accomplished, your backs will be warm and your stomachs full. Work hard and let us export, quickly, that the Plan may succeed."

The Show-Off

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (October 25, '30)

SOMEHOW, in the days before the World War proved that bravery is not peculiar to any race, a notion was strong among us that any one American could lick any ten foreigners. That vanity has left us with a national characteristic which takes a greater toll than any of our wars. Our automobiles kill upwards of 30,000 a year; that's more Americans than British muskets killed in eight years of the Revolution. Assorted accidents slay almost 100,000 annually; more than the Union Army lost in the battles of the Civil War. This costly legacy is our tendency to confuse recklessness with courage.

One or more lumberjacks are killed every day in the state of Washington alone. Most of these deaths are due to parading of courage. A logger will work on the downside of a pile of great sticks, each of which weighs from six to eight tons, and any or all of which may slip like lightning. Or he will stand directly beside the line of returning hook chains, though he knows that a slight obstruction may deflect one of the hooks and cause it to decapitate him. But his mates are watching.

Most people, pinned down, will admit what they love most about Lindbergh is the idea that here was a boy flying air mail who said to himself, "I guess I'll fly to Paris," and forthwith did so, leaving overcareful rivals behind him.

The truth is that Lindbergh's real nobility and greatness lie in his genius for caution. At San Diego, when he was training for the flight, he had tested everything and was sure of everything except his ability to stave off sleep under the conditions the flight would impose. So he shut himself in a small sedan and sat at the wheel without rest or sleep for 48 hours, studying the effect upon himself of confinement, vibration and motor lullaby.

What this country needs is more of us with the courage to say "yes" when fools ask: "What's the matter, are you afraid?"

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The Next War

Condensed from Vanity Fair (November, '30)

Jay Franklin

THE world can afford a first-class war only once a generation. The generation which fights a war decides, with the phlegmatic dough-boy of 1918, that it will never love another country. However, as that generation passes the fighting age it becomes progressively more belligerent, and the generation following becomes thoroughly indoctrinated with bellicose ideas. The average human generation consists of 25 years, which represents the average interval between wars. Political realists are agreed that the decade from 1940 to 1950 should witness the next big war.

The starting point of the next war is conveniently indicated by the "Peace" Treaties. These documents applied the Wilsonian dogma of "self-determination" on the Liberty Loan principle — they gave until it hurt; the moment it became painful to themselves, the victors stopped giving. The result was a lopsided arrangement by which the self-determinant peoples were all found on enemy soil or where convenient to the foreign policy of the victors.

In consequence, the entire European Continent seethes with explosive unsettled controversies, dangerous racial and national animosities, and crawls with a host of secret treaties, while it supports armies greater than those of 1914. Austria and Italy are at odds over the Italianization of the Austrian Tyrol, one of the few crimes committed at Versailles which weighed on Wilson's conscience. Germany hates the Polish Corridor which cuts her off from East Prussia and which alienates to Polish control the city of Danzig; and Germany cannot forgive the diplomatic gerrymandering which gave the Poles German territory after the Silesian plebiscite had favored Germany. Even Alsace-Lorraine is restive under Gallic rule. Italy, bilked at Versailles, now casts covetous glances at Nice and Savoy, at Corsica and Tunis, under the Tricolor, and at Malta, under the Union Jack, and eyes Morocco as David eyed Bathsheba on the roof-top.

As matters stand, war might break out tomorrow on any of these issues; but if it did, it would be a war of short duration. If Austria should unite with Germany, both Italy and France

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would fight an arrangement which would carry the most powerful State in Europe to the basin of the Danube and to the Brenner Pass. If Germany scuttled the Polish Corridor, France and — possibly — England would fight to prevent the wholesale revision of the Allied victory which that move would portend.

To prevent such contingencies, the peace-guilty nations have aligned themselves against the supposedly war-guilty nations. France has a unique system of military and political alliances with Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Yugoslavia, thus encircling the defeated powers with a ring of bayonets. The British, suaver and less specific, have spheres of political interest in the Baltic region, and in Greece, Turkey and Persia, to forestall the Russian menace. Italy, energetic and aggrieved, has been cultivating her former enemies, has befriended Bulgaria and Hungary, has been helpful to the Turks, cordial to the Russians, has wooed Germany by advocating revision of the treaties, and has signed peace with her erstwhile internal adversary the Vatican. And every year the ring of bayonets grows weaker, Soviet Russia grows stronger, Germany shakes freer of reparations and of armies of occupation, and the naval might of England becomes more and more qualified by the advance of aviation, by the progress of American naval construction and by such technical miracles as the German vest-pocket battleship, *Ersatz Preussen*. France looks across the Rhine and sees the swarming Germans rising from the ashes of defeat. She looks to the south and sees Mussolini's black-shirted hordes. So France pushes her fortifications from the Channel to the Côte d'Azur.

America rides the ocean like a ship in a rising sea. From Europe she feels the gusts of economic rivalry, financial resentment and naval annoyance. She is competing with the British in every sphere save the political. The Continent is simmering with discontent at the war debts, at the balance of trade, at the grossness of American tourism, at our political and moral buffoonery, at our tariff and at our prosperity. All the secret forces which conspire to create a Mithridatic War (Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the gentleman who organized the East of the Ancient World in a terrible uprising against the hated Roman tax-gatherers) are maturing on the European mainland.

To say that there is plenty of international trouble, however, is not to say that there is war. There is always trouble between nations, but war requires

the systematic organization of trouble.

The modern world confronts only one great political cleavage, that between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots." In general, the "Have-Nots" consist of the victims of the World War, the "Haves" of the victors. Russia and Germany are the two great "Have-Nots," France and Britain the two great "Haves." On the outside of this international alignment stand three powers with a foot in either camp — Italy, Japan and the United States — powers which were neither significantly aggrandized nor seriously injured by the last military free-for-all. Until these three states have declared themselves, the next war will not be predictable along precise lines.

Italy, however, is already slipping into the "Have-Not" camp. Italy got little out of her victory and finds herself blocked in Africa and the Balkans by the resolute military diplomacy of the *Quai d'Orsay*. Three years ago Japan seemed likely to clasp hands with Russia and enter the list of hungry nations. Overpopulated, deficient in raw materials, and hemmed in by powerful neighbors, Japan has much to gain from a change. However, a friendly policy on the part of both England and America stayed the Japanese shift.

Hitherto, the United States has inclined strongly to the side of the "Haves," without having forfeited the sympathy of the "Have-Nots." But let M. Briand succeed with his scheme for federating Europe, or let the British Empire close its markets to our trade by a system of discriminations against us, and the *status quo* will appear less desirable to Washington.

The "Haves," for their part, are sincerely and loudly in favor of peace. They want leisure to exploit their victory, and they are prepared to pin the label "aggressor" on any nation which attempts to change the *status quo*. For this reason the nations which profess a holy horror of war are not those which were defeated and ruined, but those who fear that a future war will deprive them of what they have won.

However, time rolls on. The victory of 1918 proved to be an old gray mare's nest, as the victors realize that military supremacy ain't what it used to be. Another generation is growing up, ignorant of war, impatient of legalistic restraints, inconsiderate of vested international interests, and distressingly energetic. When that generation reaches maturity, there is bound to be trouble, for the statesmanship of the "Haves" and the necessities of the "Have-Nots" are surely ripening another conflict.

Found Money

Condensed from The Mentor-World Traveler (November, '30)

Gilbert Seldes

Author of "The Seven Lively Arts," "Lysistrata" (the current Broadway dramatic success) etc.

MOST people not only want to get rich — they have a passion for getting rich quickly. People want easy money, unearned money, a fortune picked up on the street. The lottery is the simplest type of gambling by which this appetite for unearned riches has in the past been satisfied. But other speculations are so fantastic, so mad, that they show up the underlying motive much more clearly.

In 1635, for instance, a mania for tulip bulbs seized the Dutch. Up to that time people had paid fancy prices for bulbs in order to enjoy the flowering. But suddenly a fury of buying for investment began, and by 1636 Royal Tulip Exchanges were established in 19 Dutch cities. The narratives of the time read like a primer of Wall Street. People who hadn't a tulip bulb in the world went to the Exchange and sold ten Semper Augustus bulbs short, promising delivery in three days at $2000 each. Then they tried to buy at $1900.

So furious was the mania that the "perit" was invented — an imaginary weight so tiny that it would take 8000 to make a pound. A tulip root might be subdivided, by weight, and the buyer could purchase five or ten perits, holding a legal claim to that much tulip. At the height of the speculation one bulb sold in Haarlem for 12 acres of building lots. When the bottom suddenly dropped out of the tulip market the country became so poor that it took a generation for business to recover.

John Law, the Scot who later created the Mississippi Bubble, learned from this tulip mania that people would speculate in anything. He gave the French people an opportunity to speculate in *everything*.

Law capitalized the world: the India company, Senegal, China, the Mississippi basin, the beaver trade in Canada. He collected the taxes of France and coined its money and created its bank and, perhaps the greatest single stroke ever accomplished by a speculator, he at one time managed to make gold illegal in a country which was using the gold standard. He made France use paper money backed by his stock.

The Mississippi speculation was based on the idea that America was a large country the soil of which rested on solid gold. Law's

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financial operations were enormously complicated. But whenever things looked dark, he issued a decree promising 20 percent interest, allowing people to turn in worthless money for good money, or banknotes for stock. He became the most powerful individual in Europe. At night when Law closed his subscription books, cavalry cleared away the crowds. A duchess managed to have her coachman upset her carriage as Law drove by, and as Law stopped to help her, she begged for a few Mississippi shares.

The end came when powerful financiers saw the inevitable, and steadily sold. At last Law set two days a week for the bank to redeem paper. The deflation was rapid and tragic. In one night 12 people were crushed or suffocated or trampled to death in the gardens outside the bank.

One day at the market a fishwife threw a ten-livre note in the mud, trampled and spat upon it. The Mississippi Bubble was done.

Later the South Seas appeared in a speculation. Before Japan was opened to commerce the price of silk was very high and the cultivation of silk worms a great industry. A certain Samuel Whitmarsh announced the discovery that the South Sea Island mulberry was by all odds the best food for these producers of silk and in the late 1830's, in America, farmers uprooted their crops to plant the mulberry and in Pennsylvania the young plants were bought and sold with such fury that $300,000 changed hands in a few days' sale. But by 1839 no one wanted mulberries.

There have been many other smaller schemes which never created national manias. The Electrolitic Marine Salts Company sent a stream of sea water through a machine and took out gold and silver at the other end. Only one or two bricks of gold were necessary to keep up the illusion. Other companies offered, and actually paid, an income of $150 every two weeks on a subscription of $1000. But that could survive only as long as the sucker list — for they were naturally using the money sent them by new patrons.

These sudden gusts of excitement about mysterious sources of wealth do not compare with the steady popularity of lotteries. The lottery was in use even in Roman days. The Romans used it as a form of entertainment at their banquets. Nero gave such prizes as a house or a slave. In more modern times Benjamin Franklin promoted a lottery to buy a battery of guns and advertised another to build a church. Schools, street paving, bridges, lighthouses and the like, were the earliest beneficiaries of the lotteries and soldiers' pay in the Revo-

lution often came from the same source. At the beginning of the century, two of the buildings on the Yard, at Harvard, were provided by the same means.

It was not until after the Civil War that the lotteries became both illegal and universal. Only one state, Louisiana, seems to have countenanced them, but with headquarters in New Orleans the lottery spread throughout the country. Paying only $40,000 a year for its exclusive charter, it made money enough to buy legislatures, restore levees when the Mississippi swept them away, establish newspapers, and engage Generals Early and Beauregard to conduct the drawing of prizes. At one time the entire mail received at the New Orleans Post Office was two-thirds legitimate and one-third lottery. The profits of the company were variously estimated at from five to thirteen million dollars a year. The monthly drawings, in a gold and red plush theater, were scenes of pomp and splendor, the dignified generals presiding over the draw.

This lottery finally came to an end when John Wanamaker, postmaster general of the United States, issued an order closing the mails to the literature and the business letters of the company.

The blood of the present day however may still tingle or despair to the tune of winning a sudden cool million. Some of the greatest lotteries the world has known have been staged of late years in Great Britain and have drawn their income from every corner of the globe. The Calcutta Sweepstakes, operated by the Calcutta Club in India, handles more than $10,000,000 a year, with prizes totaling around $4,000,000. It is possible for the first prize, which earns close to $2,000,000, to be won by an initial outlay of not more than five dollars.

Second only to the Calcutta Sweep is that of the London Stock Exchange Sweep which runs into approximately $3,000,000, with the winner receiving about three-quarters of a million dollars.

Spain also finds the lottery a successful money-getter, the government on occasion using this means to obtain funds for charitable and educational purposes.

As for the satisfaction of our own spirit of chance here on this side of the Atlantic, those who wish to speculate must turn to such minor interests as gold mines without gold, oil fields without wells — and Wall Street.

Prometheus Enchained

Condensed from The Technology Review (November, '30)

Stuart Chase
Author of "Men and Machines," "Prosperity, Fact or Myth," etc.

I ONCE wrote a book and ended it with these lines: "Prosperity in any deeper sense awaits the liberation of the engineer. If the owners will not get off his back I, for one, would not be sorry to see him combine with the wayfaring man to lift them off. A complicated technical structure should be run by engineers, not hucksters. But the engineer is the modern Prometheus in chains."

I have been asked to be more explicit. It is good to end a book with a ringing climax, but not quite so good to be forced to explain all its implications. I recognize, however, my duty to state my reasons.

Since James Watt tinkered with Newcomen's engine, the technician has been increasingly interfering with our economic structure. Before Watt, the majority of men and women everywhere were capable of providing their own food, shelter, clothing and entertainment in whatever locality they found themselves. They were steeped in the traditions of wresting their own necessities from the soil, the waters, the forests about them. They may have done it with deplorable inefficiency, but they did it. Shipwreck a group of them on an uninhabited but fertile island, and they knew how to carry on.

Year by year since 1765, the mass of mankind has been losing the ability to carry on. Shipwreck an assorted crew of bookkeepers, truck drivers, machinists and advertising men on an island, and I would not give them two months' survival. Today the millions live in total and sublime ignorance of the forces which feed, shelter and clothe them. For all they know, switches produce light, and chain stores food. The functioning of the economic process rests in the heads of a few thousand experts. Is it too much to say that if 100 key technicians left their posts they could seriously cripple a great city like New York? To make matters even more potentially precarious, each expert is so highly specialized that he has little if any conception of the work of the others. There is no General Staff, understanding the whole process, and correlating the vital nerves of transportation, communication, power, water, food supply, which furnish the community's economic substratum.

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Specialization makes for economies, as the Progress Boys are tireless in pointing out. I am enough of a Progress Boy myself to admit that we stand to gain more than we lose by the emergence of the technical arts and the economic specialization which they have created. But this should not blind us to the chances taken and the risks involved. Some four million unemployed last winter must have frequently wished to be back in the handicraft age when unemployment was virtually unknown.

In brief, you engineers have been raising considerable hell, along with your not altogether heavenly improvements in economic life. And the point I wish to stress is this: you have been doing the horse work while letting somebody else — chiefly the business man — take the responsibility. It seems to me that the responsibility should be squarely yours. You have remade Western civilization, and created at the same time certain malignant evils — actual, like technological unemployment; potential, like a smash-up due to over-specialization. You should shoulder the burden of mitigating these evils. Statesmen, philosophers, generals, poets, may lead self-supporting communities, but only engineers may lead a great, interlocked economic structure.

In a sense the modern world is not led at all. It simply flounders. In the United States, for instance, the real action of the Republic is provided by business men affiliated with large corporate enterprises. The great majority of these business men neither know nor care where the ship of state is headed.

At the heels of the business man follows the engineer. The former says: Let there be light, and the latter provides it. . . . Let there be 1000 oil wells (in a pool where wasteless exploitation requires but 100) and they are obediently drilled. . . . Let there be the highest building in the world (to choke an already throttled Grand Central station) and it is built. . . . Let there be an almost ultra-violet lamp (to sell to the millions who believe in advertising) and, brave in nickel and aluminum, it is properly constructed. . . .

You get the point. The engineer has built the modern world, but only at the bidding of his master's voice. The master knows not a crank shaft from a piston rod, but he knows what will sell. The world is not planned by the business man, for he has no plan. It is not planned by the engineer, for hitherto that has never been his function. He has constructed endless detail — but always as directed. So far as I know, the little town of Radburn in suburban New York, designed spe-

cifically for the motor age, is the biggest single project involving a social-economic goal ever permitted to the engineering mind in this country. It will probably be the most convenient, comfortable, the safest, and perhaps the most sightly suburban town to live in that the nation has ever known. The business man has stepped aside — taking a modest six percent — to let the engineer run the show.

It is my conviction that the engineer can run far bigger shows than the town of Radburn to the satisfaction of (1) the people who are to use them or work in them, (2) the investor, (3) himself, and (4) the technical requirements of the country's future development. Suppose, for instance, that broad-visioned engineers had had the past century in charge as directors — or co-directors if you will. Would they have permitted:

The depletion of our forests at a rate four times annual growth?

The violation of all laws of geology in the exploitation of petroleum pools?

The criss-cross and duplication in the transportation system?

The neglect of cheaper waterways for the profitable exploitation of high cost railways?

The exhaustion and erosion of soils and the floods which follow?

The bottle necks and traffic tangles of metropolitan districts?

The building of skyscrapers faster than the means to empty and fill them?

The desecration of every highway in the country with millions of square feet of cigarette, cosmetic, and soap appeals?

That a century of the engineering mind controlling, or helping to control, economic forces, would have made a wasteless world is, of course, highly problematical. Mistakes would have been made; loss and leakage taken their toll. But I am inclined to believe that a good half of the man-power which now runs to waste might have been salvaged, with the result that poverty would have been quite finally abolished, unemployment enormously diminished, the accident rate drastically reduced, and a cleaner, safer, more comfortable, more sightly, more integrated nation have been our heritage.

When I speak of the *engineering mind*, I mean a mind that is professional, not commercial; dedicated to building, not to profit-making; that is done with false modesty and has the courage to accept the job of taming the billion wild horses which Watt let loose; that thinks straight and hard; hates waste and confusion, dirt and despair; that never stoops to the adulterated.

Plato once called for philosopher kings. Today the greatest need in all the bewildered world is for philosopher engineers.

English Over the World

Condensed from The Bookman (September, '30)

Janet Rankin Aiken

Author of "Why English Sounds Change" and "English Present and Past"

VERY often you may see in the papers signs of the progress of English toward world-wide use. These forecasts are accompanied by emotional outbursts ranging from hisses to hurrahs, for there is nothing which arouses the stronger intellectual passions as much as the question of how we shall speak.

Frequently these bits of news take the form of reports, written in the quaint journalese of our day, that Mexico or Persia or Chile has banned or will ban our English talkies for fear its native children will come to think our tongue more agreeable than their own. Now and then the items merely inform the public that English has been adopted as the official language of another international gathering. One and all they point to the world-domination of English, like it or not as you may.

The four-word peace plan, "Make Everybody Speak English," which Henry Ford formulated some years since, is not logically a reason for the universal use of our tongue. Any language, if spoken everywhere, would make for world peace. It is not numbers, nor politics, nor trade, nor the talkies — the four reasons most frequently given — which make English a good language for the world to use. These are merely the accidents of a beneficent fate. They do not penetrate the true inwardness of the matter.

First, numbers. We are told that 220,000,000 people either use or understand English, as compared to only about 120,000,000 for French and 110,000,000 for German, and these numbers are advanced as if they really meant anything. But unless English is in itself a good and worthy language for the world to use, all the numbers in the world won't make it so.

Second, politics. The World War unquestionably enhanced in tremendous measure the prestige of the two great English-speaking commonwealths. Our local boys have been financially advising most of the governments there are, and they have made good, too. Hand in hand with American advisers have gone British diplomats, and together they have done much toward bringing about world peace according to the

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Ford recipe. But — is English a good language for everybody to speak?

Third, trade. The American dollar has swept the money markets of the world, and the pound sterling is not far behind it. Did you follow the stock reports in the late crash — oh, didn't you! — and did you notice how securities all over the globe were affected? It was a touching tribute to our financial leadership. But if "dollar" is not a better word than "franc" or "lira," what do these facts matter?

Finally, talkies. Talkies made in Hollywood are riding triumphant over all the foreign bans, propagandizing the English language, American edition, wherever the sun shines. They may well prove the most effective instrument yet invented for spreading English.

But ought English to be spread? Is it intrinsically a better language than French or German or even Chinese? This is the moral question which lurks behind the facts, and this is the question which we must now consider. Back in 300 B.C., to take a parallel instance, Hellenic Greek became a world language. It supplanted to a large extent many local tongues, among them the Hebrew and Aramaic of Palestine. Yet either was incomparably a better language than Greek, simpler, more effective, easier to learn and to use. Fate is playing on the nations today no such shabby trick as when she compelled the Jews of Palestine to learn Greek.

It is a curious fact that language as we now know it develops not from the simple to the complicated, but the other way round — from the complicated to the simple. Whenever we can trace more than one stage in a language's history we find that the earlier speech is more difficult, more unwieldy. Latin is complication personified compared to three of its modern children, French, Spanish and Italian. So far as modern Greek has changed from Classic Greek, it has simplified. Coptic has lost many of the complications present in the tongue of the hieroglyphs.

To be sure, we have never met a language a-borning, and so we can only guess that somewhere a stage of simplicity must have preceded those complications upon which our earliest gaze rests. But that is a matter of speculation. What we do know as a present linguistic law is this: time simplifies a tongue. Gradually the language begins to forsake its numerous declensions and conjugations, its optative, cohortative, predicative moods, and all the other flummeries of primitive speech. Gradually there begins to emerge a lean, efficient dialect.

This simplification has not always been considered a linguistic virtue. The proper adjective to use in describing antique languages was *rich*, and for more recent developments, *degenerate* or *decadent*. What was the Greek verb if not rich, with the hundred varying dresses it might wear? And does not the modern English verb display a decadence verging upon shamelessness with only two?

It was in 1892 that a Danish scholar, Otto Jespersen, punctured this legend with a book called *Progress in Language;* and since then "decadence" has had things all its own way. And after all, why not? Can you picture yourself selecting among the 12 possible forms of *bonus* when you might be using the single word *good?*

So the first reason why English is the best world language is that it has carried this simplification of forms farther than has any other modern language. In German *good* still has six dresses to wear, and in French four. The German verb still counts its forms by the trunkful, and the French verb is not much better. Danish alone of modern languages has approached English in its formlessness.

A second qualification, scarcely less important, is impurity. English is probably more impure than any other tongue, ancient or modern. English picks up words from any language at all, and by the process it has succeeded in making itself international. Scarcely any foreigner learns English without finding many old friends in the new vocabulary. Impurity is a good characteristic for a world language. English deserves universal use because it is formless, impure and wordy. Wordiness is not usually considered a virtue any more than impurity is; but words are the wealth of the English, and the riches of its word-hoard are only paralleled by the riches of the Anglo-American nations. No user of our tongue need be repetitious; he can vary his words with synonyms or near-synonyms in almost endless variety. *The New Oxford Dictionary* contains almost half a million words.

Has English no defects, to set against this formidable array of virtues? Yes, indeed. We have a bad alphabet, a tough pair of articles, *a* and *the*, and a difficult idiom in prepositions. But on the other hand, we have a natural gender, an easy sentence order, and a splendid tolerance of almost any accent or grammar so long as the ideas it expresses be good. Balancing defects against virtues, we may reasonably conclude that the applauders of World English have a sound linguistic justification for their choice, unrecognized as this fact may be in their eyes.

Reno

Condensed from The American Magazine (October, '30)

Mary B. Mullett
Well-known feature writer

WITH only about 18,000 inhabitants, Reno is the largest town in Nevada. Across the main street an electrically lighted arch flings its proud boast: "The Biggest Little City in the World." It is a thriving community, with lovely homes and delightful people. But its prosperity is nourished by tragedy. It is built on broken homes and shattered hopes.

In Reno last year 2071 divorces were granted and 35 other marriages were annulled. Divorce seekers spend three or four million dollars a year in Reno. Just to give you an idea of what the divorce business means to the town's other business: Imagine a place of that size with 47 hotels, 35 beauty parlors, 25 cleaners and dyers, 120 lawyers! I compared these figures with those for a somewhat larger Iowa town. It had only 5 hotels, 12 beauty parlors, 20 lawyers, and so on.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing," I said to a prominent Reno attorney, "if there were uniform divorce laws throughout the United States?"

"I suppose so," he admitted, "but it would mean assassination for *this* town."

The divorce colony consists, at any one time, of about 1000 persons, about 700 being divorce seekers, the remainder relatives, friends or servants. The average age of the divorce seekers is around thirty. Most are well-to-do. The largest contingent comes from New York. Other chief sources of supply are New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois and Canada. On an average they have been married about ten years. Two thirds of them are women.

Those who can afford it rent a house, or live at the Riverside, a modern hotel next door to the courthouse. I stayed at the Riverside myself, observed many of the divorcees, and came to know some of them. They were like a bunch of college girls: visiting one another's rooms in pajama suits, having tea or chocolate together, playing bridge, and as chipper as the traditional cricket.

At least on the surface; but look beneath the surface to find the truth. I was talking with the Reverend Brewster Adams, of the Baptist Church. "It is tragedy," he said. "All that the public hears is the echo of drinking parties, gambling, reckless living. Half

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the time, the wild parties are only an attempt to forget. Women come to me and tell the actual truth. They don't tell it to their lawyers or to the judge. But what I see is stark tragedy."

Through the heart of Reno runs the Truckee River, straight from the high purity of the Sierras. Under beautiful bridges it rushes madly along. Women, coming from the courthouse close by, stand on one particular bridge and throw once-cherished wedding rings into the stream. Another curious sidelight on the abnormal atmosphere of the colony is the fact that Reno is honeycombed with fortune tellers: palmists, crystal gazers, Hindu seeresses, readers of tea leaves. Women about to abandon one matrimonial experiment seem eager to be told there is a dark horse in the offing.

Reno has done its best to make divorce-getting as easy as possible. Prior to 1913, Nevada law required a residence of six months. Later, one year of residence was required. This caused such a slump in the divorce industry that the six-months clause was restored. Four years ago, in the closing hours of the legislature, another bill was rushed through, and the following morning, to the surprise of many legislators, they found they had changed the six-months residence requirement to one of only three months.

There are 30 dentists and 43 physicians in Reno. Divorce hunters, with three months of idleness on their hands, seize the opportunity to have their teeth "fixed up." As for the doctors — well, nothing is easier for an idle woman than to imagine she is sick. Anyway, it's nice to confide troubles to a sympathetic medical ear. Still, the three-months sentence — a phrase current in the colony — seems long. To help fill these drifting days some women take French lessons. One acquaintance told me she knew six women who, while taking what everybody calls "the cure," were taking also a secretarial course. One man took a clerical job for $50 a month. He didn't need it — he was bored. Other men, and a few women, work from necessity. Some get jobs on the highways, or as truck drivers, waiters or stenographers. One young man, son of a former Cabinet member, peddled children's play tents.

The children are the saddest feature of the Reno passing show. There were a dozen of them at the Riverside during my stay. They played under the trees, laughed together, and also discussed their respective domestic situations. I was told that almost every one already had more than one father or mother. Some had a regular galaxy of three fathers! No wonder most of them looked

bewildered. This puzzled look in what should be the clear eyes of a child is the saddest of Reno's paradoxes.

Most Reno divorces are uncontested. In fact, nine out of ten have the consent of both parties. Four persons enter the judge's room: the plaintiff, his or her lawyer, the lawyer representing the defendant, and a witness. After the witness has testified that the plaintiff has resided in Washoe County for three months, there are a few routine questions by the plaintiff's lawyer, such as:

"What has been your husband's attitude?"

"He has been very cruel."

"Did this affect your health?"

"Yes, it made me very nervous."

If the lawyer asks many questions, the judge is likely to show impatience. He knows another case is due in five minutes! Under Nevada statutes, divorce may be obtained for any one of eight causes; but "extreme cruelty" furnishes more business than all the others. No witness is needed to corroborate the charge. There are hundreds of cases where the evidence of cruelty is ridiculously trivial. The lawyers explain that in many of these cases the interested parties don't want to air their genuine troubles in court. The judges accept the routine cruelty plea because to them it means simply that two people have agreed their marriage is a failure.

It is frankly admitted in Reno that most of the suits are brought because one or both of the parties want to marry someone else. One of the leading attorneys told me his firm had received $200,000 for representing a millionaire who divorced his wife in order to marry another woman. Some people get the Reno habit, appearing there two or three times. Nevada courts are just as hospitable to old customers as to new ones.

To those of us who retain the old ideas about the sanctity of marriage there is something sordid and revolting about this divorce mill. When I said as much to Reno people, their replies ran:

"The men and women who come here have made a failure of marriage. Are you going to condemn them to keep on being miserable?"

To which I made bold to reply, "If it were not for easy-divorce courts, people would try harder to make a success of marriage."

As I said before, the people of Reno are delightful. But they have given up a good deal for the divorce revenue which makes possible their boast of being "The Biggest Little City in the World."

Adolf Hitler, German Hypnotist

Condensed from the Outlook and Independent (October 15, '30)

Harry Lorin Binsse

IN THE 1928 German elections, one of the minor party groups, the National Socialists, won 12 seats in the Reichstag. In 1930, the same party won 107 seats, almost 20 percent of the Reichstag, and definitely became the second strongest party in the land. And the man responsible for the change is Adolf Hitler, man without a country, mysterious leader of the "Bolsheviki of the Right," the German Fascisti.

Who is Adolf Hitler? What has he done? What does he look like?

The last question is the most easily answered. He is a completely unimpressive figure. He resembles a "Moravian traveling salesman." He has a little Charlie Chaplin moustache; a vacuous face. Of recent years he has grown fat. But when he opens his mouth, everyone who hears him becomes spellbound. He can turn a raving Communist into a devoted Fascist with half an hour's discourse. Romantic German noblewomen flood him with expensive gifts as though he were an American radio crooner.

He was born in 1889 in a little border town of Upper Austria. When the War broke out he was 25 years old, and his occupation has been variously described as sign-painter, carpenter, draughtsman, and locksmith. He volunteered for service in the German army, thus losing his Austrian citizenship, served through the war with distinction, was once wounded and once gassed.

After the Armistice, he is said to have returned to Vienna, where his oratorical gifts were turned to good use by some interested party, who sent him to Liechtenstein to persuade that diminutive principality to become part of Austria. If this story is true, it records Hitler's only oratorical failure. Liechtenstein, with its 11,500 inhabitants and area about equal to Staten Island, is still an autonomous state.

However that may be, we know that in January, 1922, Hitler established himself in Munich and started his German political career. Within 18 months he had converted a large part of urban Bavaria to his peculiar brand of Fascism — National Socialism. His appeal to the people, whose spirit was sunk in the abyss of deflation, was consummately clever — and nonsensical. Every part of it played on some long-

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standing prejudice. He was against Jews and foreigners. Jews are rich; disenfranchise them! Execute the greasy profiteers! Expel the dirty foreigners! Repudiate Versailles and Reparations! Abolish department stores and force all retail trade back to the small merchants! Wipe away parasitical unearned incomes! Down with the Jewish Press! Be Germans!

The lengths to which Hitler carries his inordinate radicalism is best illustrated by his repeated assertions that no non-German or Jew should be allowed to have any of his writings published in Germany, either in newspapers, books, or magazines. And no paintings, except the works of unquestionable Germans, should be given public exhibition.

Hitler soon won over General Ludendorff, largely through the good offices of the General's wife, a mystical lady who fixed responsibility for the World War on the sinister influence of the Jews. Hitler seems also to have gained the sympathy of Von Kahr, Von Lossow, and Siesser, the then virtual rulers of Bavaria.

Following the example of Mussolini, Hitler armed and organized "storm brigades." Maneuvers, with endless supplies of beer and cigars, were held all over the Bavarian countryside. Through it all, as a decorative motif, ran the "Hackenkreuz," the swastika, anti-Semitic symbol, the flaming cross of German Fascism.

At last, on November 8, 1923, came the comic opera climax — the Beer Putsch. Bavaria's Military Governor, Von Kahr, is making an anti-Socialist address to a huge audience in Munich's largest beer hall. Suddenly there is a disturbance without, and three swastika-bedecked Fascist guards appear, followed by Hitler. A guard fires a pistol at the ceiling for quiet, and Hitler cries out: "I proclaim the Nationalist Revolution! Von Kahr, General von Lossow, and Colonel Siesser will please join me. I guarantee their safety." The government leaders go into a side room with Hitler. (Von Kahr will explain later that he was forced to do so at the point of a pistol.) Later Von Kahr comes forth, arm in arm with Hitler, and announces his adherence to the Revolution. There is much cheering, and everybody goes home, slightly tipsy from the beer.

Meanwhile Prince Rupprecht calls out the Federal Police. Next morning there is a brief battle in the Odeonplatz. Despite the fact that the Fascist "troops" are commanded by none other than General Ludendorff, they are defeated. About 47 persons are killed, and all is over. Later Hitler is tried and sentenced to five years of "fortress confinement."

Everyone then thought that Hitler and Fascism were finished. His party was reduced to nothing; he was confined to jail, giving signs of insanity. But Hitler had learned one thing. His magic was not broken. He knew he could get a following, especially in hard times. But he could never do anything unless he worked on a national rather than a Bavarian basis.

After only a few months confinement he was released from jail, and set about organizing "cells" on the communist model and forming storm battalions, appealing to precisely the same old prejudices.

All he needed for success was a good business depression. This year he got it, and suddenly, over night, Hitler is one of the strongest men in Germany, with 6,000,000 fanatical followers and countless extra-legal armed bands. His program is unchanged. Anti-everything except the Dictatorship of Hitler; basically and always anti-Semitic and anti-foreign. "Our struggle for the liberation of the Fatherland from foreign and domestic [i.e. Jewish] foes," plus a fantastic economic program working on the genuine economic distress of the moment.

Much mystery surrounds the source of Hitler's campaign money. He has plenty. He has, for instance, just installed his headquarters in one of Munich's most pretentious palaces. Every kind of far-fetched guess has been made, but it is likely that the money comes from the rank and file of his supporters, many small units yielding a large total.

The significance in German politics of National Socialism is this. Its success is the most alarming symptom yet manifested of hopeless economic distress. It may mean a putsch, and bloodshed. If a putsch should come, Germany will almost certainly suppress it. The great majority of the people will never support such patent foolishness as Hitlerism. But if business conditions continue bad, and if there seems to be no other hope, a putsch might make Germany fall into the waiting arms of communism. That would mean the repudiation of Versailles and all debts, both of which are, ironically enough, among Hitler's major policies.

If, however, the next few months see any alleviation of the present business depression, German Fascism will die automatically.

The real question in Germany today is between a continuation of a grimly difficult status quo and the gordian solution of Communism, of wiping the slate clean. Hitler's hypnotic nonsense can only contribute to history by forcing the issue.

Copper: All-American Metal

Condensed from World's Work (October, '30)

Samuel Crowther
Author of many books on industrial subjects

COPPER is one of those basic commodities which, it can be demonstrated, the world simply cannot do without. In spite of this fact, the world, every so often, seems able to do without it to an extent that causes the producers of copper to sprout gray hairs. The virtues in copper esteemed by the ancients scarcely count today. The only field in which copper is today supreme is one that the ancients never heard of — electricity. And even in this field the Germans, as usual, are said to be evolving a good conducting metal at a low price.

Copper is an American metal. It is almost an American monopoly, for 72 percent of the world's production comes out of North and South America. On the face of things, copper is more compactly organized than any other raw material, not excepting iron. Three great American companies not only control most of the production of the metal, but also own more than half of the copper and brass manufacturing facilities of this country and are in the nature of vertical trusts. In addition to this, all the American and most of the more important foreign producers are joined in an export cartel to regulate prices.

The copper set-up is almost ideal and on paper it ought to give intense joy to those who believe that the principal need of business is rationalization — which is another name for so adjusting demand and supply that they will always be in delightful harmony. In spite of all this, the fortunes of copper have been most unhappy.

Historically, copper is ancient. Apparently it was the first metal used by man. We know that at least 6000 years ago axes, knives, spearheads, and utensils were being shaped out of pure copper. In America the Indians were mining copper around Lake Superior long before the coming of the white man. At first they used only the bowlders of pure copper that they found, but later they actually mined in primitive fashion.

The rise of the American copper industry was helped by the supply of fine copper which came from the opening of the Lake Superior mines in 1844; from the opening of the great Montana mines in 1882; and by the advent of the Arizona mines in 1890.

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Each of these discoveries gave copper booms, and for many years copper stocks were highly favored by such widows and orphans as desired to become rich overnight. It is said that more money has been put into the shares of gold-mining companies than was ever taken out of the gold mines, and this also may be true of copper. Stock was floated for thousands of mines few of which had metal enough to return a copper cent for each dollar put into their stock.

For some time the producers of raw copper had no interest in the manufacturing of it. But it was observed that sometimes when there were no mining profits, there were manufacturing profits. Also the big producers wanted assured markets for a certain part of their production. Thus it has come about that three great sets of interests control both the producing and the manufacturing of copper and its alloys: Anaconda, the greatest producer and fabricator of copper in the world; Kennecott, with its chief mines in Alaska; and the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, with its mines mostly in Arizona.

And then it appeared that these great copper producers were, after all, little more than order takers whose business lay in the hands of the electrical industry. Any large electrical power project calls for an immense amount of copper and a difference of a few cents a pound runs into money. It is cheaper to run copper mines over a period at a loss than to shut them down. The electrical people know this, and so some very hard bargains have been driven. If 60 percent of one's production is taken by people who have very sharp pencils and a wide enough knowledge of copper conditions to hunt out the producers most in need of money, then everything is not lovely.

The producers therefore joined in an organization which they called the Copper and Brass Research Association, which had as its object the finding and promoting of new methods for the use of copper so that the industry might not be at the beck and call of the electrical companies. A drive was made in the building industry for the use of more copper and brass pipes. There has also been an increase in copper roofing.

At the same time the producers set out to control or stabilize prices. And that is how they have come to grief. In 1926 the producers formed, under the Webb-Pomerene Act (which expressly exempts export corporations from the Sherman antitrust law), the Copper Exporters, Incorporated, with between 90 and 95 percent of the world's production, both domestic and foreign.

The London copper market had always controlled the prices abroad, and it did this largely through the holding of a considerable stock of copper which it could use to raise or lower prices at will. The export association started in to deplete this stock and by 1927 had cut it down to 24,000,000 pounds from 126,000,000 pounds in the previous year. The association fixed export prices and the members exchanged reports on sales. By direct selling it cut out much of the business of the London copper brokers and they very naturally got out their hatchets.

In December, 1927, our exports of copper exceeded the domestic buying. The price was then 13 cents a pound and it advanced to 14 cents, and then gradually began to climb. As the price passed 14 cents, the exports of copper began to fall off and on March 25, 1929, the price reached 24 cents a pound and practically all trading in copper ceased. Then the price began to drop, reaching 18 cents, and at that point it was pegged for a year.

During this time many things happened. Invisible stocks of copper began to come on the market and also vast quantities of scrap appeared. Germany formerly imported 60 percent of her requirements but now is supplying 75 percent from home sources by substituting other metals. And Germany has been the largest consumer outside the United States.

The surplus stocks of copper at the refineries in the United States which stood at 131,000,000 pounds in March, 1929, rose to 512,000,000 on the same date of this year. In April of this year Copper Exporters cut the price four cents because some of the members were beginning to tire of holding the bag. Since then the prices have been dropping; and prices, profits, and prospects are about where they were when the experiment began — except that everything that was wrong then is wronger now. For the high copper prices have brought feverish activity in South African and Canadian mines and increased production throughout the world.

It is the same old story — the story that can be told of Brazilian coffee, or rubber, of sugar, and of wheat under the Canadian Wheat Pool. In the end all prices are governed by the emotions of human beings.

And so copper today is looking about again. It is one of the most splendid of our metals. As *the* American metal its use throughout the world helps build American prosperity. It is down now. But it has been down before. The interesting development will be to see if the producers have learned anything about copper. Probably they have learned a lot.

A Cure for Doctors' Bills

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (October, '30)

Evans Clark

Director of the Twentieth Century Fund, founded by E. A. Filene of Boston

UNCOUNTED numbers of men and women in the United States are suffering from the present faulty organization of medical service.

"I am insured," says a typical victim, "against almost every contingency in modern life except the one most likely to occur. As a matter of fact that crisis has already occurred, twice, and I am no better equipped to meet it again than I was before it first happened.

"I find peace of mind in knowing that if I have an accident in my car, or if my house burns down, my insurance company will pay the bill. If I should die, my life insurance policies will at least keep the family from the poorhouse. But if I or any member of my family should have another serious illness I doubt if I could ever be rid of the debts with which my life would be burdened. Why cannot I be protected where protection is most likely to be needed?"

Too many people are asking that question to be denied for long. If the doctors fail to find an answer themselves, someone else — or the government — will.

Some of us who have observed recent developments of organization are impressed with the possibilities of piecing together into a unified program of medical service methods which have been used with conspicuous success in several fields of modern life. The three essentials of such a program are (1) group practice, (2) periodic medical examinations, and (3) the insurance principle of dividing risks into charges that are fixed and regularly paid. We suggest what might be called "medical guilds" as a possible combination of these in a workable whole.

"Group practice" has recently made impressive progress. Especially in the Middle West, groups of doctors — such as the Mayo brothers' clinic — have combined to offer more or less complete medical service. According to a recent survey there are about 60 such groups now operating in the United States, each generally composed of 10 to 20 physicians. The aim of these groups is common: a single service to the patient and a joint income to the participating physicians, with consequent reduction in overhead costs. Often a business manager is employed to supervise purchas-

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ing, bookkeeping and billing, and the maintenance of the physical property.

It is not hard to see why group practice is meeting a definite demand. Thoughtful people in general as well as unlucky patients have been distressed by some of the effects of specialization. It is a too frequent experience for a man in sickness to be sent wearily from one doctor to another for various ills the treatment of which is now highly specialized. We have often yearned for the old family doctor who could do the whole job himself; but we know well that the division of labor has become necessary. We begin to see in group-practice units, however, the possibility of the return of the old family doctor in a new and coöperative form.

Membership in such a medical guild would be open to the public on condition that each member agree on behalf of himself and his family to submit to a thorough physical examination at least once in every year. The guild would guarantee to provide medical care and hospital service when necessary for its members and their families for the period covered by the dues — preferably a year. As in the case of insurance premiums, the dues would have to be paid whether service were actually rendered or not.

While it is impossible to state just what the annual dues would be, it is certain that they would be very much lower than doctors' bills for any serious illness under present conditions. Four factors would operate to this end.

First, each member would, in effect, be paying his doctors' bills by the installment plan. Instead of being presented with a bill of $1500 in one year, he would pay, let us say, $150 a year for ten years.

Second, it would cost less for each doctor to operate as part of a medical guild than if he were practising as an individual, because of the division of the overhead.

Third, the periodical medical examinations should effect a marked reduction in the amount of illness of those who would belong to the guild.

Fourth, the medical profession would be placed under new and powerful motives to keep people well. Each member of the guild would pay his dues whether in good health or bad, and the guild doctor's income would remain the same. The better the member's health, therefore, the greater the doctor's income per hour of service rendered.

It is amazing that in a profession in which the interests of the practitioner and the public seem, superficially at least, exactly opposite, so little suspicion exists that the doctor acts for his own interest rather than the patient's.

Disease is the doctor's means of livelihood, yet he is always laboring to put it out of existence. This would remain true if the medical profession were organized as guilds, but the doctors would also feel new motives to encourage and practise preventive medicine.

Recent studies by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that families of workingmen spend on an average $140 a year for medical care. Assuming that the average cost of medical care to the middle-class family — which would demand more in the way of comfort and attention — is as high as $200 a year, a guild could probably guarantee complete medical and hospital services for $150 for each family or from $30 to $50 for each person. Who would not prefer to spend even $150 each year rather than be faced suddenly with a bill of from $1500 to $3000 for a major illness in his family? Who would not prefer to be regularly examined as part of a general service rather than to be treated only when sickness occurs and at unpredictable expense?

I have been stressing the advantages of the medical guild to the public. But now consider the advantages to the doctors themselves.

What is their greatest source of financial anxiety? Nine out of ten will say: "Uncertainty of income." Not to know how many patients he will have next year is the doctor's nightmare. What is the least agreeable part of their dealings with their patients? Most of them will reply: "Adjusting my fees to my guess at the size of their incomes." Imagine a grocer who charged wealthy customers two dollars a box for breakfast food, gave it away to the poor, and asked anywhere from 50 cents to a dollar of his white-collar customers. The guild doctor would never have to concern himself with the income of his patients.

Never has there been such acute public dissatisfaction with the organization of medical service as there is at present. The medical profession itself has now seen the writing on the wall. Something must be done. In Europe the drift is toward state medicine. In this country, too, there is a definite set of opinion in that direction. Most American doctors look upon that solution with dismay. State medicine is their special *bête noire*.

What the medical guild offers American doctors is professional independence — continued control of their own destiny and the destiny of their profession. To the public it offers better medical care with a reduction in the cost.

What is Royalty Doing Now?

Condensed from Woman's Home Companion (October, '30)

Frederick L. Collins

SIXTEEN years ago the old European royalty in the fat person of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria fell off the top of the world. Next, revolution flamed in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, in Vienna. Wilhelm and Carl ran away. Tired-faced hard-handed men and women who had never been taught to read or write talked glibly of communes and soviets, of republics and democracies. Then one day the world woke up to the fact that there still were kings.

Casualties there had been of course but only such casualties as had always befallen losing kings. Victorious kings remained victorious. Even neutral kings maintained their royal balance.

Take Belgium for instance. If it hadn't been for the war Belgium and not Russia might have been the first European nation to try the communistic experiment. But the first result of the great war for democracy so far as Belgium was concerned was to raise its honest hard-working solemn-faced king to a pinnacle from which it was quite impossible even to think of pulling him down.

Albert himself has little love of monarchy's panoply and pomp. His idea of a good time, when he isn't in an airplane, is to pull on the leggings over his mufti and mount a popping motorcycle for a ride. At that, he is not so democratic as the King of Norway, who puts up the royal limousine to save expense and goes in a trolley!

Wonderful men, these rulers of the north countries. Most of them have little money and this fact together with their natural flair for democracy leads them into a simplicity of living which is joyful to behold — and is, I am glad to say, rather typical of modern post-war royalty as a whole.

Last winter at Cannes King Christian of Denmark — he is six feet five inches tall — was curling himself up in the back row of a movie house on the Rue d'Antibes when a pudgy dark-visaged gentleman came bustling into the theater and tried to push past the royal kneecaps to a seat in the center of the row.

"Pardon me," said the king rising and bowing politely to the intruder.

The latter gave one look at the

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IN THE SPIRIT OF TINY TIM

TINY Tim, immortal wisp of childhood in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," was content in his misfortune—because others, seeing it, would think more happily of their own blessings! Tiny Tim knew the great truth of the Christmas spirit—that it must *uplift the minds* of others. That, surely is why Dickens' poignant tale echoes imperishably down through the years and warms each heart anew at Christmas with the old, old message: the message of happiness won through happiness given.

And indeed, as we read over again the "Christmas Carol," we realize that our Christmas gifts will best carry the season's meaning if we give not material things *but things of the mind*; if we brighten the lives of others not simply for a moment or a day with glittering trinkets, but for a whole year long with mental riches!

For the true and perfect Christmas gift uplifts the spirit, widens the horizon of thought, brings sustenance to mind and soul, and revives kindly remembrance between friend and friend, month after month recurrently the year around, till Christmas comes again!

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unmistakable figure and blurted out an embarrassed, "Pardon *me!*"

"Not at all," replied the Danish king, "I am too long, I know I am too long."

In Norway handsome young Crown Prince Olaf last year astonished his parents as well as the entire population of both Norway and Sweden by announcing his betrothal to the Princess Martha, niece of the Swedish King. Stockholm and Oslo are not far apart and Olaf was able to avail himself of the freedom allowed royalty in his native land to slip across the border to conduct a clandestine courtship, quite the most romantic thing which has happened to royalty in our time.

Plump Queen Wilhelmina is not so athletic as her northern neighbors. The spriest of the Dutch lot is the Dowager Queen Emma. To see an important exhibition of Dutch masterpieces in London, she made the long journey from The Hague by Channel steamer and train, motored up to the Royal Academy, strode through the galleries for four and a half hours without once sitting down, rushed for her train and took boat once more for The Hague. The round trip took 28 hours. Queen Emma is 71.

There is no public display of any kind by any member of the Italian royal family. There wasn't even before the coming of Benito Mussolini put everything else Italian into a sudden eclipse. The members of the House of Savoy are modest people.

The throneless royalties of Russia, Austria and Germany have not improved their position since the war except here and there in an individual case by a fortunate or promising marriage.

A few new specimens of royalty are to be found. The most notable is Zog, King of Albania, who sounds like something out of a story book but is a very ordinary person with a very bad cough, who chose to make himself king. He is doing something for the cough, having cut down his cigarette diet from 150 to 50 a day. It is interesting to note that the only royalties who appear nowadays in these bizarre episodes are the new-rich variety. The royalty "regulars" are very much on the job.

Carol has returned to Rumania and become reconciled with Queen Helen. This surprising move has shoved Dowager Queen Marie and little Michael very much into the background.

In spite of the passing of Primo de Rivera, first by royal decree and later by death, and the anti-royalist demonstrations that naturally followed, none has profited more in the last decade than that attractive young monarch, Alfonso of Spain. Not so many

years ago he was described as "a royal comedian, an ex-prodigy, a perpetual young man." Superficially he is still the boy king. But in the first five minutes of serious conversation Alfonso gives unmistakable signs of having diverted his energies from frivolity to statecraft.

The King isn't always at the polo field. "We kings," he said, "are workers. I was born a king not because I chose to be but because I had to be, and I must do my work like any other man."

That is certainly the Prince of Wales' attitude toward his job.

He is helped by many things: his own unusually ingratiating personality; the general good behavior of his family; and the insatiable hankering of the average Englishman for kings and kingly ways. But even taking into consideration Prince Edward's manifold advantages he is without doubt the very best example of what's happening to royalty today.

He has been everywhere and met everybody. More than any other person or factor he has held the great sprawling British Empire within the narrow circlet of the crown. For more than a decade he has stood "for good sportsmanship, for courage and high spirit, for chivalry and good nature and laughter and the eternal boyhood of life"; and since 1928, when his father's serious illness placed on his shoulders the responsibility if not the name of king, he has stood for much more.

Above all, for tact. On the occasion of the first state levee which he was to conduct in place of the King, he seized upon the excuse of a slight snow flurry as a reason for not riding ceremoniously through town — avoiding even the appearance of usurping the place of the man who lay suffering behind the frosted window-panes at Bognor.

Generally speaking the subject of the Prince's matrimonial intentions is conversationally dead. Two factors, however, may change this situation at any moment.

There are at the present time more attractive princesses in Europe than there were when the Prince of Wales was first told to look around for a wife. He may fall genuinely in love with one of these lovely ladies.

The other factor is a most significant indication of what is really happening to royalty now not only in regard to matrimony but in all its relations to life. I hear it stated everywhere in London that the Prince of Wales is at last a free man. He need not confine his choice of a bride to princesses of the royal blood. He may marry whom he pleases — "even," as they so characteristically put it, "an American!"

Radio Snares for Crooks

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (November, '30)

Edwin W. Teale

ON THE outskirts of Lansing, Mich., a one-story brick building is the heart of an experiment watched by the whole nation. Here the first statewide police radio hook-up is an actuality. Radio waves from this broadcasting station will warn state, county and local police to watch for fleeing criminals. Similar broadcasting stations, planned in other parts of the country, make radio one of the most effective weapons of law enforcement.

Last spring President Hoover requested an appropriation to put receiving sets in 16 police cars in the District of Columbia. In more than 40 large American cities radio equipped police cars are patrolling the streets, saving seconds in the race with crime. In 20 months, 1800 "radio arrests" were made in Detroit, and the average time for each arrest was *90 seconds*.

One night last winter a radio car was patrolling its section of Detroit when ordered to a home where burglars were reported. It picked up the message when it was a block from the house. In less than 30 seconds the burglars were under arrest.

Such broadcast alarms are repeated three times so there will be no mistake. One Indianapolis police car last January picked up a description of two Negroes who had held up a filling station, and captured them before they had gone six blocks. As they were hauled into the police car the third broadcast was just beginning. One of the Negroes rolled his eyes at the box and said, "Bo-o-y! Listen to that thing telling on us."

Before radio and the automobile were combined to make possible such amazingly speedy arrests, police cars were out of touch with headquarters for long stretches. Now they can be reached instantly and can be given additional clues while pursuit is in progress. Messages come in as clearly at 70 miles an hour as at 15.

One of the first cities to broadcast alarms was Detroit, in 1921. Tantalizing years of partial success followed. In 1927, Commissioner William P. Rutledge, who had fathered the idea, closed down the sending station. The experiment apparently had failed. Reception by the sets was uneven and hard usage frequently put

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them out of order. At this point, Kenneth R. Cox, a young traffic cop whose hobby was radio, asked permission to try his hand at ironing out the system. With the aid of several radio fans on the force he began to work. The sending station was moved to Belle Isle, where it was free of interference, and an improved receiving set was designed for the cars. The new equipment was found satisfactory. When about 40 radio-equipped cars were operating in Detroit, Cox was loaned to Chicago to install equipment in 142 police autos. Meanwhile other large cities had been making experiments. Seattle added 10 "prowler" cars, radio equipped, and Cleveland 35.

At first, the radio alarms, sent out through regular broadcasting channels, had disadvantages. One Chicago woman reported that a burglar was looting an apartment across the street. When a radio car reached the apartment the robber was gone. In one corner the radio was going full blast and under its lid was tucked this note: "Thanks for the tip-off." There is another reason why broadcasting police alarms through regular channels is unsatisfactory. Soon after Detroit began experimenting, a police official walking down a side street heard a popular dance tune coming from a parked police automobile. To prevent crews from listening to Amos 'n Andy instead of headquarters, modern police sets are made so they can be tuned in only on the home station.

What goes on behind the scenes when a spectacular radio arrest is made? At Detroit headquarters a dispatcher is in direct communication with the police broadcasting station WCK on Belle Isle. When the report of a crime comes in he presses a button. A red light flashes at WCK. Out of a loud speaker comes the message from the dispatcher. An announcer repeats it into a microphone. Frequently crews in the cars can hear the dispatcher himself and start on the run before the dispatcher relays the order.

Since radio has been aiding officers of the peace, first-hand evidence of crimes has been easier to obtain. Former Police Commissioner Rutledge of Detroit says convictions have increased nearly 20 percent. The police cars are able to swoop down upon the lawbreakers and prevent them from destroying evidence. For example a few weeks ago in Detroit a telephone call reported a brutal murder. A car picked up the alarm not far from the scene of the crime. In two minutes, the killer was arrested, just as he was about to throw his gun into a creek. But for radio, this important piece of evidence would have disappeared.

One of the most valuable jobs

the radio-police car is doing is recovering stolen automobiles. In eight months 80 machines were recovered with its help in Indianapolis. In Dallas more autos are recovered each month than are reported stolen. The reason is that many machines stolen in other cities are recovered there. Both short-wave and long-wave broadcasts are made in Dallas — the short-wave to the police and firemen, the long-wave to the public as well.

The Federal Radio Commission because it feared interference might result, has turned down requests for a number of police radio stations. It has also ruled that their power must depend upon the size of the city. Yet even the lowest-powered stations carry alarms far beyond the city outskirts. In many places county police and sheriffs tune in regularly.

For instance, when a pair of bandits robbed a Texas pharmacy, Dallas police broadcast a description of the crooks and the car they drove. In Durant, Okla., Sheriff Taylor picked up the report. Three hours later a fast roadster screeched to a stop where Sheriff Taylor's car blocked the highway. The two thugs surrendered at the point of a gun and seven hours after the broadcast they were behind bars in Dallas.

Such quick apprehension of criminals is one of the most effective checks upon lawbreaking. In most cities where radio-cars have been installed, the crime chart has taken a distinct downward trend. Seven times in two weeks Detroit machines reached the spot in time to prevent burglaries.

What is probably the most elaborate radio-car equipment in the world is operated by Scotland Yard, in London. Sixty specially built, powerful machines are camouflaged as furniture vans, vegetable trucks, or luxurious limousines with liveried chauffeurs. Each is manned by a crack speed driver and picked crew, and is capable of 70 miles an hour.

In Michigan, banks are being supplied with direct telephone connection with the broadcasting station at Lansing. The instant one is robbed, a state-wide radio net will be spread to snare the criminals. In the not-distant future, Detroit's former Police Commissioner Rutledge prophesies, the whole United States will be linked by police wireless so that in the event of a major crime every police station and sheriff's office in the country will receive warning simultaneously.

Ten Eventful Years in the United States

Condensed from Current History (October, '30)

Thomas J. Wertenbaker
Professor of American History, Princeton University

THE outstanding characteristic of American civilization is the large size of the middle class. This group, in many countries but a small fraction of the population, in the United States tends to swallow up all others. Whereas bolshevism reduces all to the condition of the proletariat, here there is a constant rise of the lower classes to the status of the bourgeoisie. During the past decade this movement has been going on with startling rapidity.

Back of it one sees the carrying of the use of machinery for mass production to heights hitherto undreamed of. In 1914 the value of our manufactured products was $24,250,000,000; in 1927 no less than $62,700,000,000, an increase of 50 percent even after making allowance for the shrinkage of our yard-stick of value — the dollar. This enormous increase has been made primarily by standardized machinery. Machinery is used far more in the United States than in Europe, with the result that one American produces three times as much as his European competitor. In fact, the output of this country is twice that of Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Belgium combined.

It is a new emancipation, this use of mechanical devices to do man's work. With shorter hours of labor, the American workman earns an income that to his European fellow seems princely. A bricklayer here receives as much for an eight-hour day as a London bricklayer in 28 hours or a Paris bricklayer in 80 hours. "The problem of making labor sufficiently productive to provide material comforts for all has been solved for the first time," says Bertrand Russell. There still exists what may properly be called a lower class, but in the years since the World War great progress has been made toward its elimination. With the average annual wage $1280 for both sexes, all ages and all degrees of skill, poverty, as Europeans understand the term, is reduced to a minimum.

It is true that the constantly increasing use of labor-saving machinery has thrown many thousands of men out of work, but the evil is temporary. Sooner or later we may expect the lowering of the cost of production so to stimulate demand that the unemployed will be drawn back to

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the factories. Such was the history of Arkwright's inventions in England, where the idle artisans demolished some of the new spindles, only to find, a few years later, that the number of hands employed in spinning had doubled and tripled.

In national politics the decade was marked by reaction. It was in 1913 that Wilson took office in the spirit of the crusader, declaring the day one of dedication rather than of triumph, when men's hearts waited, and men's fortunes hung in the balance. Eight years later the people followed Harding passively in his appeal for a return to "normalcy." It was a reaction against the personal domination of Wilson.

The conservatism of the past ten years must not be interpreted, however, as a permanent change in American political philosophy. It is only a lull. Our fathers handed down to us a noble government. But a republic is the most difficult of all governments to operate, even under the simplest social and economic conditions, and since the adoption of the Constitution our conditions have become more and more complex. An almost unceasing struggle had to be waged to preserve our democracy, first from the old New England theocracies, then from the Southern slave power, then from big business. Is it likely that this battle will cease in the present era of rapid change? It may take on new aspects; it may become a battle to free the nation from racketeers and gangsters, or a battle for individual rights; or it may renew the old attack on the trusts. But the fight will go on, and leaders will emerge to direct it. From whatever party they come, their slogan will be: "Down with special privilege."

The enormous expansion of the use of automobiles in the past decade, the placing of all America on wheels, together with the extension of electric power to the rural districts, have relieved the isolation of farm life. The farmer is now part of a community. Hitherto the size of a rural school has been limited to the number of children within walking distance. The result was the "little red schoolhouse," picturesque but ineffective. The one room, the poorly paid teacher, the lack of a library and other modern equipment, were not conducive to efficient education. Today, the fact that the children may be conveyed in the motor coach from many miles around is bringing about the consolidation of rural schools. In the years from 1920 to 1926 the number of one-teacher schools decreased at the rate of 4600 a year, while the consolidated schools increased on an average 1000 a year. This is a

movement of surpassing importance, which cannot fail to affect deeply American social and political life.

Not less vital than these social changes is the startling progress made since the World War in the means of communication. Our planet is shrinking before our eyes. The United States has been covered, as if by magic, with a vast network of hard-surfaced roads. Districts formerly isolated have been opened to trade, thousands of idle acres have been put under cultivation, the distribution of goods has been speeded up.

We sit in our homes and listen to music, lectures, sermons, plays, and agricultural reports over the radio. The world "sits in" on the opening of Parliament or an address by President Hoover. The Kentucky mountaineer may sit by his fireside and receive instruction in hygiene; the Colorado rancher may listen to grand opera.

Enormous progress has been made in aviation. Great dirigibles have crossed the ocean; airplanes have flown to Europe and to the north and south Poles. Regular air passenger services have been instituted between many of our large cities, while the amount of air mail has multiplied many times over.

These marvels of communication are lending a new compactness to the world; are awakening in the nations a new sense of nearness, of community of interest. Not only are all peoples learning to know each other better, but they are seeking earnestly the solution of problems held in common.

During the past 12 years this country has occupied a position in world affairs undreamed of before the World War. Suddenly, almost reluctantly, we awoke to the fact that the United States was vastly superior to any other nation in potential power — in mobile capital, in economic wealth, in the ability to transform our natural resources into exports, or loans, or battleships, or armies. How we would use this power became a matter of the deepest concern to all the world.

Significant of our new position and attitude in international affairs is Secretary Kellogg's proposal to outlaw war. It is not to be expected that the new pact will bring universal peace. It does not require the contracting nations to disarm. But a new and important link has been forged in the chain which is binding the dread war god, for the nation which resorts to war in the future must explain fully its reasons or be pilloried before the civilized world. All in all, the past decade has witnessed a revolution in social, industrial and international affairs.

Picture Cats

Condensed from The Sportsman (October, '30)

Prentiss N. Gray

Mr. Gray made a long trip to Africa, East and West, to study and photograph wild animals

YOU and I were brought up to call them lion; the African natives and motion-pictures directors call them simba; but the professional guides or "white hunters" of East Africa always refer to them as "cats."

As we drove into camp at Serronea, 248 miles southwest of Nairobi, we saw our first cat. It slipped out of the donga 50 yards from where we had stopped our trucks, and before we could set up our cameras it had quietly moved into high grass out of sight. Camp hummed with conversation as to how we could find this lion again. Our white hunter, Philip Percival, meanwhile sat back serenely and smiled secretly, knowing that each day he could fill our eyes with cats till we cried for a change of scenery.

The next morning we were early afield. We had been assured that, in order to intercept lions returning to cover after their kills on the open plains, we must be out by daylight. This was the orthodox way to hunt lion and we adhered to it rigidly every day of our stay. However, in actual fact we seldom saw any lion until nine or ten o'clock. And so it proved on this first day's hunt, for the sun was beating down with relentless fury when we saw a lioness perched on a small ant hill taking a sun bath.

We drove toward her slowly and at 100 yards stopped the car and began taking pictures. We were fearful that she would depart suddenly, but she paid not the slightest attention to us, and with some quivering of the nerves we moved the car up to about 50 yards. We took more pictures and after a glance at Percival, who smiled back reassuringly, we moved up to 20 yards in a spirit of reckless abandon. We felt like shouting: "Now, old girl, you can either charge and get shot, or beat it — we don't care which, for your picture is already in the box."

She did neither. She rolled over and went to sleep. Our next move was to put the radiator of the car just 12 feet from where she lay, but this was a little too close. She slowly got up, stretched, and strolled to the edge of the donga 30 yards away. Here she lay down. We thought our picture party was over when she suddenly arose and strolled back to the ant hill, lying down exactly in

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her former position. She passed our radiator within three feet but never favored us with a glance.

We were working the cameras through a hole in the roof of the car; and the sight of Percival's rifle, protruding from the cab window of the truck, gave a certain reassurance. I am not sure that the sight of my wife sitting in the back of the car working on a piece of embroidery did not do even more to calm my quaking knees. Her needle was almost as good a weapon as a gun in this situation, because we had neglected to practice shooting lions "on the fly."

We found a bunch of eight cats on a following day, and shot a Grant's gazelle for them. We loaded this on top of the car and when we reached a position 30 yards from the group we pushed it off. Here was manna from heaven, evidently thought three lionesses, for they trotted up at once and pounced on the feast. We let them settle down comfortably as we had been told that a lion was most likely to charge if disturbed when he first started to feed. Then we got pictures at a range of 20 yards till the cats finished the carcass and moved away. As the lions were leaving, some vultures and a maribou stork flopped hurriedly to the remaining pile of bones. One of the lady lions looked back and returned, to the complete discomfiture of the birds, who retired hastily. She picked up the head and what was left of the skeleton and departed with it. There was not a shred of meat on the bones but she was not leaving even a free smell for the birds.

We were hanging on the flank of a great migration of animals that annually move across the Serengeti Plain. The advance guard of zebra had passed but hundreds of thousands of wildebeest covered the plain on every side. We often stopped the car and watched the migration for hours at a time — great black lines advancing across the plains. In separate herds of two or three thousand beasts, each led by an old cow, they plunged along in a slow tireless gallop. No matter in what direction we drove from camp we were surrounded as far as the eye could see by these clumsy animals. They were uncountable. It was the most inspiring sight of our African trip. Cats in great numbers followed the migration and grew fat and lazy on the easy killing.

We were looking for a male lion with a good mane, but it began to seem that there were no such lions. In the old days we had a vague idea that most males carried manes — they always did in zoos. It seems, however, that a good mane on a wild lion is rare. This is probably due in part to the fact that they claw their

manes to remove burrs, and partly to the amount of hair pulled out by thorny thickets in which they spend many hours.

One day when we located a bunch of 14 lions we had high hopes of a grand old patriarch with a large amount of neck hair. But when we studied them they looked like an advertisement for safety razors.

We drove off and killed a wildebeest with which to lure our troop of picture cats out of the shadows of the thorn bush. After dragging the carcass to within 30 yards we began to draw aside to let them settle to the meal. This proved unnecessary as they were on it almost before we could turn the car around. At 25 yards, we looked down on a squirming mass that resembled a bunch of tawny eels. Our 14 cats were making short work of 400 pounds of meat. As each was filled to repletion, it strolled off and plumped down for a nap. They did not all return to the cover from which they had come, and as we exposed our last film we realized that they had completely surrounded us. It did not give us a comfortable feeling to find a fat lioness lying almost in the shadow of our car not ten feet from our tailboard. We had a few uncomfortable moments wondering how to get out without running over a lion's tail. Finally we blew the horn at a lion lying directly in front of us and were surprised to see him get to his feet and move out of our way as if he understood traffic signals.

Photographs of lions in this "lion pasture" are not difficult to take at present from a car, provided the lion does what you think he ought to do. With us they behaved, but it would be ridiculous to contend that we were not scared every time we moved up to within 40 yards. When we found ourselves within 20 feet, we were fairly gibbering with fear, remembering that several times a lion's jump had been measured at over 40 feet. Here the gun was practically useless as a defense and our entire reliance was placed in Percival's knowledge of the game. The lion has apparently not yet learned to connect man with the automobile. But try to step out of the car so that he can make out the outlines of your figure, and you have a flash of yellow going either away from you or toward you in a hurry.

The lion is far from stupid and, unless shooting from cars is definitely stopped, it will not be long before we hear of a real tragedy. Some cat, recognizing its danger from this box that moves, will decide to get aboard the car before the occupants can get out or swing a gun in the close quarters. Then the car will turn into a bloody shambles before anyone has time to think.

A Gallon of "Gas" from a Gallon of Oil

Condensed from Scientific American (November, '30)

Henry W. Hough

LAST season a thrilling drama was witnessed by theatergoers. It involved a young genius who had made a scientific discovery of startling significance. He proved that he possessed the power to blow the world to smithereens. His secret was known only to himself. Anxiety and apprehension resulted.

Another drama almost equally exciting is now being enacted before a much larger audience. The opening scene was in a laboratory in Germany, and centered about the research of the noted investigator, Dr. Friedrich Bergius. The scientific world was amazed by the news concerning his hydrogenation process for converting wood into coal, coal into oil and gasoline, and so on.

Now the scene has shifted to America. About a year ago the rights to Dr. Bergius' process were acquired by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in affiliation with the I. G. Farbenindustrie or "Dye Trust" of Germany. With the news of this merger there came another startling announcement: "It is now commercially practicable to produce 100 gallons of gasoline from the running of 100 gallons of crude oil, by the addition of gaseous hydrogen under high pressure and high temperature in the presence of certain catalytic agents."

With the opening, a few months ago, of the first of three 5000-barrel-a-day hydrogenation plants, it seems that the Bergius process is at last ready to become an important factor in the petroleum industry. The first commercial plant is located at Bayway, New Jersey. Two others are to be built soon, one at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and the other at Baytown, Texas.

To the layman, who may have grown weary of hearing about over-production in the oil industry, it may seem that hydrogenation has been born too soon. But let us look at the developments which have led up to the present state of affairs.

When the oil industry was very young, there was a well-distributed demand for all of the important products of petroleum. Then the market for illuminating oil stepped ahead of the others. While meeting the demand for kerosene, the refiners found that something had to be done about

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disposing of the rest of the products.

The solution was found in a new process, by "cracking" the heavier fractions of the crude oils in such a way that a larger proportion of kerosene was obtained. Crude oils which normally yielded 20 to 30 percent of kerosene were made to yield from 50 to 70 percent by this revolutionary step.

Some time later, the situation took a new turn. Gasoline became the most valuable fraction, and the demand for kerosene declined. Again something had to be done about utilizing the less valuable products, and again the solution was found in improving the process. It proved to be considerably more difficult to increase the gasoline yield, but the result was nearly as good as when effecting the decomposition into kerosene fractions.

With this background, it is easy to see where hydrogenation fits into the picture. With the ever-growing demand for gasoline and light oils, there has been constant over-production of the less valuable products, the heavy oils. Dr. Bergius' process will convert heavy oils into gasoline. And it will do other things also.

Dr. Bergius took several steps at once when he worked out a method for converting wood into gasoline. First he duplicated nature's "incoaling" process, by which he quickly transformed wood and other vegetable matter into coal. Then he went on with the same process, converting the artificial coal into oil. It was found that the same thing could be done with natural bituminous coal. The hydrogenation of heavy oils into gasoline and light oils is but a page in the story of Dr. Bergius' achievements.

After enumerating that remarkable series of advances, the writer scarcely dares mention Dr. Bergius' one great purpose, an unfinished performance which may yet make these others seem like mere side-shows. Underlying all of his research is the greatest objective of all — to perfect a practical process which will enable a man to make his own food, and food for his animals, by utilizing apparently worthless materials which are now burned as rubbish.

Returning to today, we can look more deeply into the process which is now being used to produce gasoline from almost worthless heavy oils. Of paramount importance in this conversion process are the toxin-proof catalysts. These make it possible for the gaseous hydrogen, which is introduced into the high-temperature conversion apparatus under exceedingly high pressures, to transform the molecules of the heavy oils into molecules of gasoline and other fractions.

It might be well to add a word

of explanation about catalysts. In chemistry, a substance which serves the useful purpose of stimulating or facilitating a reaction, without adding to or detracting from the materials involved, is known as a catalyst. In matrimony, a person who plays a similar rôle is known as a matchmaker. In both instances, they may be very helpful. The catalysts now being used in the commercial Bergius process are a secret.

In the hands of almost any other industrial organization, it might reasonably be feared that the exploitation of the hydrogenation process would bring about chaos in the petroleum industry. However, because of the Standard Oil Company's enormous investment in the oil industry, it is felt that the owners of the hydrogenation process will move with extreme care in order to avoid changing the *status quo* to any great extent.

The rights to use the new process in the United States will be leased to other oil companies. Leasing companies will purchase stock in the Hydro Patents Company, a subsidiary of the Standard-I. G. Company, at the rate of one share of stock for each barrel of daily hydrogenation capacity. For example, a firm desiring to establish a plant to produce gasoline at the rate of 20,000 barrels a day will buy 20,000 shares of stock in the Hydro Patents Company.

According to Mr. W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the future of the oil industry will be determined by the extent to which both producers and refiners recognize that it is not a question of the volume of the products which governs their destiny. It must be realized that the real test is the industry's ability to measure production to fit the requirements of the consuming markets. The probable effect of hydrogenation upon the petroleum industry is best expressed in Mr. Teagle's own words:

"Through hydrogenation it now is shown to be practicable to convert coal into liquid hydrocarbons at a cost which, although above prevailing oil prices, is not prohibitive. Thus, the coal reserves of the world become supplemental to the crude oil reserves.

"Because of the innumerable new technical problems, solutions of which are required for the practical and profitable use of the hydrogenation method in the oil industry, and because of the relatively large investments required, progress toward its general application will probably be slower than was the case with the cracking development. The ultimate effect, however, should be even more important."

Character Engineering

Condensed from the New York Herald Tribune (October 12, '30)

Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam

Author of "The Fruit of the Family Tree," "Exploring Your Mind," etc.

A GREAT conference of America's leading educators was held in New York City in June to discuss this one question: "How can we build human character?" Many plans were presented yet not a single person was bold enough to claim that he had any sure-fire method.

Nevertheless, I believe there is one man who has developed a method of character education that should be tried at once in every home and school and prison in the land. His name is J. Franklin Wright, D.C.S., of Detroit. The degree D.C.S., which appears after his name in "Who's Who," means Doctor of Common Sense, and was conferred by prisoners in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Wash., because of the good Wright had done them.

Twenty years ago Frank Wright was a switch engineer. Wright says that railway men in the West at that time were distinguished by their ability to swear and their reputation of never refusing a drink of liquor. Notwithstanding his Quaker training, Wright could reach the highest notes in the scale of profanity and he smoked an average of 22 cigars each day. Doctors told him he would die if he did not quit smoking and would likely die if he quit suddenly. Preachers told him he would go to hell if he did not quit swearing. He tried for years to quit both *gradually*, but couldn't. Nobody can. If you want to start a new habit, the only way is to *start* it.

One day Wright got the idea that living a life in which he was master of himself was much like the engines he understood so well. He said, "The engine is my will power, the steam is my desire and the engineer is my reason." So he went to bed thinking hard on the *reasons* for living without this hampering habit — reasons of health, nerves, money and dignity. These thoughts so filled his mind through the night that the next morning, to his own astonishment, his desire for tobacco had simply vanished. It is a literal fact that when your mind is filled with the right course of action, thoughts of the wrong course simply get no chance for a look in.

In other words, Wright woke up to the fact — the soundest in all psychology — that the will is nothing but a set of habits, and

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that habits are just the things we think about, and that we can control our thinking. If you once see this clearly, you can control your life.

Wright tried this method on some friends and it proved successful. Later he tried teaching it to men in prison. He formed a "council" for the study of human engineering, and his organization became known as "The Pathfinders of America." His first council was in the State Reformatory at Ionia, Mich., with 600 inmates. During the first year, 320 were released on parole. Had the average record of that reformatory prevailed, 112 would have come back as parole violators. Only five did come back. The remainder became self-respecting citizens.

After seven years of such work among prisoners, somebody said to him, "If this works so well in prison, why would it not work on children in school? Why not prevent crime at the source?"

As a result, Wright got the privilege of talking to children in the schoolrooms of Detroit. During nine years since then The Pathfinders of America has reached 75,000 school children. Wright has an office staff in Detroit and a corps of trained teachers. He receives 5000 letters a week from school children and men in prisons. For 16 years he has been searching for some place where his philosophy would not work. It works just as well among the learned as the unlearned, the rich as well as the poor, the old as well as the young.

Then you eagerly ask, "What does Wright do to these people? We have lectured and warned our children, but with no such astounding effects."

But did you ever *council with* the child? You have no idea of the exciting effect this has — this Pathfinder method of sitting in with the children on a discussion of their own lives. I have often seen children rise and cheer when a Pathfinder teacher came into the schoolroom. I will tell you why. The child does not have to pass an examination; nobody is going to scold or criticise or give marks or grades. The child is *free* — free from fear, free to be himself, and when you free children to be themselves they throw their whole souls into whatever they are doing.

Parents are handicapped — they are the big guns and the child inwardly rebels. The Pathfinder philosophy teaches the child how to form his own habits and not rely on father or mother nor anybody but himself. Indeed, Wright goes farther and gives the child a group of high-powered thoughts — thoughts about Courage, Duty, Coöperation, Love, Responsibility, etc. — all ready made and fitted into his very

nervous system, ready to leap to his aid when he is about to yield to temptation. Wright has got hold of the fact that every thought we think does its best to carry itself into action. For example, two agents have tried to sell you automobiles — one a Cardinal, the other a Belmont. You lie awake for hours debating which to buy. First you think, "The Cardinal will go faster than the Belmont." Of course you want speed. Now take my word, no power on earth can keep you *at that moment* from buying a Cardinal if you keep "speed" as your strongest thought. As long as a man thinks of taking a drink and nothing else he is going to take a drink. Nothing can stop him except *another thought*. But just as you are about to buy a Cardinal, you remember the Belmont makes more miles a gallon. Economy is the important thing. Now "miles a gallon" has you in its grip and you are certain to buy a Belmont. So you go, and so everybody goes through life, acting on the most persistent, insistent thought, always.

Now here is what this big-brained railroad switchman does for you — he fills your mind with saving thoughts, psychological handles to grab hold of when you are in a corner and about to go wrong. I could fill this paper with results of the Pathfinder philosophy. There is one man who was so dangerous no guard dared go near him unless armed. He became interested in the Pathfinder lessons and now is superintendent of a shop with 600 men under him. Wright has thus made many of the most hardened criminals into upright, industrious citizens.

Each human being, Wright teaches, has just so much time and energy to spend. And life is just a big store with the price tag of everything tied to it. Those who ask *is it worth the price?* build up will power, right habits of thinking — in short, character. If you have right thoughts in your nervous system you will *without effort* decide on something worth while, something with a good price tag on it.

Back of Dad Wright all these years has stood Mr. Joseph Boyer, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine company, who has furnished the funds. Some day Detroit will build a monument for Joseph Boyer and another for J. Franklin Wright who has developed a practical system for showing men that right doing is just *reasonable* doing and that the only morality which will stand up teaches men how to plan their lives intelligently as an engineer plans a building.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

COURTESY OF THE ROAD: There was an accident in one of Westchester's highways recently — just a minor one involving a lady driving north and a gentleman driving south. The cars collided. Both drivers climbed out. The lady proved to be unqualifiedly apologetic. "It was all my fault," she said. "I was away over on the wrong side of the road. I can't imagine what I was thinking of. It was my fault entirely." The gentleman stopped her with a courtly gesture. "Not at all, Madam," he replied gallantly, "not at all. I saw you coming for half a mile at least, and I could easily have turned down any side road and got out of your way."

SEX LIFE: Against what often seem impossible odds, the Carnegie Institution of Washington forges ahead in its scientific work. Every once in a while its investigators run up against a stone wall, such as the one they faced in the study of the sex life of bread mold. They have ascertained that mold has a sex life, and that there are two kinds of mold — male mold and female mold. They have even observed certain charming responses when the two are thrown together — the microscopic ecstasy of parasitical love. What they haven't discovered is: which mold is which — which the male and which the female. Until they know this, they hardly know how to go ahead; and until *we* know, we shall have to go right on treating moldy bread as always — throw it away. It's nice to know, of course, that it is having a love life in the garbage can, cost Andrew Carnegie what it may.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY: A silent, thinking man was riding up in the elevator of his hotel the other evening, on his way to relax before dinner. Another passenger was a woman with a huge German police dog. The dog with one bound playfully knocked the man down. The woman's refined, soft laughter rippled out. "Peteh, darling," she said, "how often must I tell you not to romp in the lift."

WHOOPEE: A demon taxi-driver whirled us into Fifth Avenue out of 23rd Street the other noon, just beating a red light, grazing a traffic sign, grazing a safety zone, grazing a bus. A cop halted him. Deliberately he took out a big handkerchief from

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his pocket. "Listen, cowboy," he said. "On your way back I'll drop this, an' see if you can pick it up wit' yer teeth." With this he motioned him on.

OUR faith in aviation, higher education, prosperity, and American motherhood (a faith which is always at fever pitch) has been intensified recently by a conversation we chanced to overhear between two mothers. "Really," one of them said, "there are only two schools for boys in America: Groton and St. George's." "Yes," replied the other, "although I suppose if a boy is going to go out in the world and meet all kinds he might go to Hotchkiss."

KENNETH MACGOWAN got a letter from The Cohens, playbrokers, of Hollywood, inquiring whether his play "Twelfth Night" had any talkie possibilities. Mr. Macgowan replied to The Cohens, saying that he did not control the picture rights to the play, and that they would have to get in touch with the author, through Sir Archibald Flower, Festival Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, England. We will be gol darned if The Cohens didn't take the hint. They wrote Sir Archibald — who had meanwhile been tipped off. "Dear Sir," they wrote, "Mr. Kenneth Macgowan of New York City referred us to you in answer to an enquiry of ours pertaining to the talking picture rights of the play 'Twelfth Night,' which he is producing in New York with Miss Jane Cowl. If these rights are available, would you be so good as to forward us a manuscript of this play together with the selling prices for picture purposes. Thanking you, we are yours very truly, THE COHENS. Albert J. Cohen."

Sir Archibald replied that he was turning down all movie offers because the play had gone big in England — so big, in fact, that a special theater was being built for it, toward which more than a million dollars had already been contributed, and didn't The Cohens want to come in, along with Otto Kahn, Clarence Mackay, the King of Egypt, and the Emir of Afghanistan? He mentioned the author in passing. Said he was dead.

A CLEAR-EYED young orator, who always gives his political organization a hand in campaign years, addressed a meeting of Harlem voters last Thursday evening. He was presented by a large, black gentleman, with spectacles, who made a lengthy and glowing introductory speech, in which, among other things, he told of the forthcoming speaker's love of the Negro. "Ah'll ask you to remembah,"

he said in conclusion, "that though this gentleman's skin may be white, his heart, friends, is as black as yours."

IN ONE of the schools in Brooklyn a 16-year-old boy has already gone in for racketeering. Capone's scouts ought, in fact, to keep an eye on him. His school has the monitor system, by which one of the boys is appointed monitor to keep the others in hand, report their misdeeds, etc. This lad was chosen because it was felt his general rowdiness would be curbed by giving him responsibility and authority. It has worked this way: he exacts a dime a week from most of the children under threats of reporting their misdeeds, either actual or fictitious, if they don't "come across." Of course he has had to split his loot with some of the other tough boys, because if he didn't they would take him for whatever passes for a "ride" among school children in Brooklyn. Of course, under the gang's system, very few children are reported for misdeeds — they pay their fines. The teachers are proud of the school's splendid record.

A GENTLEMAN golfer who rather fancies his game stopped on his way home from the links the other day at a Tom Thumb course and, just for the fun of the thing, took on the professional there for a round. To his amazement, the fellow beat him soundly, making most of the holes in one. Thinking he had discovered something in the way of an unknown wonder, the gentleman invited him out to his own course next afternoon and with him as partner made up a foursome with two other fellows he had been losing money to for some time. Here, however, the Tom Thumb professional went completely to pieces, sliced drives, missed approaches. The gentleman wound up the match some $90 behind. He was marching back to the clubhouse, brooding and silent, when his guest, rather shyly, began expressing his thanks. "You know," he said, "that was great. I've always wanted to play golf on a real golf course, but this is the first chance I ever had to do it."

ONE of those long processions of cars was winding, wormlike, along a Westchester highway when it was halted by something up ahead. Drivers groaned and swore. Subsequently several walked forward to see what the trouble was. These discovered, at the head of the line, a small coupé, very spick and span, with two agitated ladies fluttering about outside it uttering little frightened cries. "There's a bee in there," one of them explained. "A great big bee."

This Town Grows Backward

Condensed from McCall's (November, '30)

Dorothy Ducas

FROM the ancient gate of the second oldest college in America to the site of a colonial capital — seven-eighths of a mile — runs a peaceful road, bearing the grandiloquent name of Duke of Gloucester Street. This street is original Williamsburg, Virginia, first incorporated city in America, oldest city still possessing its early houses, roads, traditions, now the scene of a $10,000,000 facelifting operation. While other cities struggle to become more up-to-date, Williamsburg strives to create within itself a faithful reproduction of the city it once was. It has five more years of plotting, planning, experimenting, until it is the natural museum of American history that its patron wishes it to be.

It was more than two years ago that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announced that he was going to restore Williamsburg to its pre-Revolutionary setting, as a shrine to the fathers of the Republic. I visited the unfinished Williamsburg. Now I would spread the word: "Go see it now before the transformation is complete. Go watch the spell fall gently over a city that did not lose its charm even with the introduction of telephones, Edison lights and radio. Go, see the charm thicken!"

Williamsburg boasts of many distinctions. It had the first theater in America, the first printing office in the South, where the "Virginia Gazette" "scooped" the world on the Declaration of Independence. In its Raleigh Tavern, now completely rebuilt, the learned society of Phi Beta Kappa was formed. To its college at different times came Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Benjamin Harrison, John Marshall, Peyton Randolph, John Blair. Bruton Parish is the oldest Episcopal church in continuous use in America. In the Capitol building were offered the resolutions first calling on the Continental Congress to declare the colonies free and independent

Martha Washington lived here when she was the wife of Daniel Parke Custis, and her kitchen is standing. The home of John Tyler, when he became president of the United States still stands. There will be the Capitol, the restored Main Hall of William and Mary College, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, architect

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of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

When the rebuilding began, the restoration committee tried to obtain old brick from other houses in Virginia, to patch up the only definite example of Wren architecture in America. But there was not enough old brick in the whole state. Then the committee toured America for some as nearly like the old English and Flemish Bond as possible. This, too, was in vain. Finally it was decided to make the brick in Williamsburg. Men went out into the fields, dug the clay of that soil, put it in wooden drums with crude paddles in their centers, and hitched mules to the drums, so that the paddles would mix the clay after the fashion of 1695! The bricks were dried in the sun, piled in an open field, and a fire built under them. The bricks close to the fire turned out glazed, to match the headers in the Flemish Bond of the chapel wall, and those further away took on the lovely salmon hue of the walls of the building into which they were to fit.

The present is moving out, slowly but surely. This autumn the first block of new business buildings, constructed as nearly along the original lines as business buildings can be, was finished. State roads will be swung in a circle around Williamsburg. Telegraph poles will be buried, asphalt taken up, flagstones laid in the paths at either side of the street.

In Bruton Parish there is a substantial bit of the past, too. There are the graves of Martha Washington's two children by her first marriage. There are the prayer-books which trace the history of the Colonies and the States in altered prayers. There I saw the prayer for the king blotted out by a prayer for the President of the United States. There is also a prayer-book in which "President of the United States" is stricken out to make way for "President of the Confederacy," and again, at the close of the war between the states, "President of the Confederacy" was changed to "Governor of Virginia." That is the past, vital and breathing.

In time, the description of Mary Johnston, whose novel *Audrey*, tells of the Williamsburg of 1727, will again be true:

". . . a town of stores, of taverns and public places; houses of red brick, houses of white wood; the long, wide dusty Duke of Gloucester Street; gnarled mulberry trees broad-leafed against a September sky, deeply, passionately blue; glimpses of wood and field — all seemed remote without distance, still without stillness, the semblance of a dream."

The Rollins Adventure in Education

Condensed from The Nation (October 8, '30)

Hamilton Holt, President of Rollins College

The Nation is presenting a series of articles on notable present-day educational experiments. Other articles in the series will deal with Columbia College, Wisconsin, Antioch, Ohio State, Johns Hopkins and Sarah Lawrence

TO MAKE the process of learning as vital to young people as the quest for a news story is to a good reporter, or as intensively gripping as football to the members of the college team, is the Rollins idea of education. It is not a new idea. It is only the method of achieving the end which is different here.

At Rollins we hold that the individual student's growth and development are the all-important things; that to justify itself, every course, by its subject matter and manner of being taught, must deepen and broaden the student's understanding of life.

In pondering over what I considered were the evils of the lecture and recitation systems, it seemed to me that the fundamental difficulty with present-day education could be traced to two causes: the method of teaching and the personal qualifications of the teachers.

Under the lecture system students are regarded as so many passive objects into which a professor pours information and then asks for certain amounts of it back in periodical examinations. Neither professor nor student needs to be more than half awake for the process to go on.

Almost as completely a failure, it seemed to me, had been the recitation system under which the teacher acts as inquisitor and grades the student on his ability to answer occasional questions on material he has been assigned to study by himself. Under this system as practiced in most colleges the classroom becomes a sort of criminal court where the teacher — as judge, prosecutor, and detective — attempts to find out, often unsuccessfully, whether or not the student has mastered his lesson, and the student tries to create a good impression, by bluffing or otherwise.

At Rollins we have established the two-hour conference plan. Both morning and afternoon are divided into two two-hour periods. In the forenoon the two periods are devoted to those subjects in which the student primarily works with his mind. As far as possible the first period of the afternoon is taken up with laboratory or field work and the last period with athletics,

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outdoor work and recreation.

A visitor to a typical classroom at Rollins will find the students seated in comfortable chairs scattered around a book-lined room or gathered about a table. The room may be silent with every one quietly reading or writing, or there may be a buzz of conversation as various groups discuss some aspect of the subject they are studying. He will find the teacher seated at his desk, neither lecturing nor hearing a recitation. His job is to answer rather than to ask questions, not to do the work for the students but to guide and stimulate their work. He may even refuse to answer questions if he feels that it will be more helpful for the students to work out the answers for themselves. Although parts of some periods, of course, are given over to talks by the teacher, assignment of work, group questioning, even old-fashioned quizzes, the teacher's work, for the most part, is with individual students, each of whom may be at a different stage of advancement.

Students are given every opportunity to get at the source of information themselves. Nothing is taken second-hand which may be acquired first-hand. No opportunity is lost to replace textbooks with life: a biology class journeys to Tarpon Springs to study the sponge industry; students interested in journalism attend the State Press Conference; the surveying class goes to Tampa to study cement-making; the International Relations Club gathers at the President's house to meet informally with a recent prime minister of Italy; the entomology group meets with a great neurologist whose hobby happens to be beetles; the sociology class spends a week-end digging in ancient Indian mounds; a history class makes a trip to St. Augustine to meet with the Florida Historical Society to study the oldest city in the United States.

In adopting this system we make no claims to revolutionary departure from the established order in the educational field. Rather we have simply harked back to a much earlier period in the development of educational theory, as when Socrates gathered a few pupils around him and made the objective of his inquiry into this or that subject "consistent thinking with a view to consistent action." For in the effort to build up the most elaborate machinery in the world for turning out academic degrees it seemed to me that we had somewhere lost the essence of true education, and that to find it again we must revert to simpler methods, fewer rules, less emphasis upon information and more upon thinking.

To make successful a system which depends so much upon

personal contact and the individual guidance of young minds, the chief requisite seemed to me to be teachers who not only were qualified to teach but loved to teach. We therefore sought inspiring teachers wherever we could find them, disregarding the modern fetish for research and weighing not only the ordinary and official recommendations as to a man's teaching ability but the opinions of his former students.

We have made sure of close contact between students and faculty by limiting classes to groups of 20. Present resources limit our student body to about 400, but for these students we have more than 40 teachers. The ultimate growth of Rollins is limited to 700 — 400 men and 300 women.

In an effort to "take stock" of the efficacy of the plan, the faculty and students were asked by questionnaire, at the end of the third year, to state their opinions frankly. The response — from students and faculty alike — was overwhelmingly in favor of the conference system. One undergraduate wrote: "It has taught me to think." Said another: "We feel here that the college really wants to put itself at the disposal of the student rather than merely to subject him to a course of sprouts." And a Rollins professor wrote: "Instead of being on the defensive and of trying to escape work, most of my students are anxious for it. Instead of prodding them, all I need do is to help." "To me," wrote another professor, "Rollins has proved an education in the way to educate."

I hope I shall not be accused of offering the Rollins Idea as a cure-all. I realize that the adoption of the conference plan by all liberal-arts colleges might be a questionable procedure. Certainly the elimination of lectures and recitation periods in the technical and professional schools is not always desirable. I sincerely believe, however, that modified forms of the conference plan can be used to advantage in most schools and colleges.

So far at Rollins we have been concerned primarily with methods. We are now giving our attention, in addition, to contents of courses, particularly courses in liberal arts, and have called a conference on course contents at Rollins this year. John Dewey has consented to preside over it. We want to know how well or how poorly we are educating young men and women for their activities of after-college life. We suspect, even now, that the standardized curricula in liberal arts contain much that is useless and omit much that is of benefit if students are to be educated, not for a livelihood, but for life.

Machines Give Birth to Beauty

From the Advertising Arts section of Advertising & Selling (April 2, '30)

Walter Dorwin Teague
One of America's foremost designers

"THE styles," says Le Corbusier, "are a lie."

The "styles," that is, as Grand Rapids, the Beaux Arts and the Private Presses have dealt them to us: the "styles" that have meant all this patient carving of Renaissance chairs, and putting up of false "hand-hewn" beams. The "styles" have been to us just so many toupees, plucked from more fertile heads to cover the baldness of our own invention. We have collected "styles" in the random way Victorian ladies gathered sea-shells for the parlor what-not. Plumped down regardless in our environment, they fall into a class with stuffed birds and pressed flowers. They are false, and a lie.

But "styles," for the past century, were our only refuge. While the storm of the Industrial Revolution passed over our heads we could do nothing but dig in and hold fast to the only unchanging thing in the æsthetic world — the Art of the Past. It was a way of marking time between one march and another. It filled a gap.

When ancient crafts were dying every day, and new ones being invented in crudely tentative forms, when new tools, new techniques, new materials must be mastered every season, there wasn't much time to worry about the looks of the things we made. If things could be made at all in the new ways, that was triumph enough. To build a house of steel, to blow a glass bottle by machine, to make an automobile we could "stay in and not under," exhausted our creative powers. And we hadn't the slightest notion of how such things *ought* to look. There never had been anything like them in the world before, and their lack of precedent was somehow shocking. It was the most natural thing in the world to reach into the past and pluck out such odds and ends of design as seemed at the moment most available, and use them as fig leaves on our naked products.

At least we were catholic in our choice — all history was our grab-bag. French Gothic or Italian Baroque, Chinoiserie or Tudor, Norman or Directoire, we tried them all. We learned a terrific lot about art, but we never were able to make up our minds as to what we liked. There was some quality in antique art that eluded

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us, however relentless our pursuit. Even as we seized them, the "styles," one after another, faded into the pallid inconsequence of last year's "Vogue."

Because the truth is that we are *not* provincial Frenchmen nor Spanish grandees nor subjects of any of the serial Louis's. We live not otherwhere but in this year of grace and this land of occasional liberty. And of this fact we are at last, happily, recovering an acute consciousness.

It is just because the makers of our prized antiques possessed this admirable *self* consciousness that we find their work so vital. Here is the elusive quality we could not capture. They knew little about art as we know it, and cared less, but they knew their own minds. You never catch them rushing hither and thither through the centuries in search of fresh "inspirations." When they had evolved a manner that suited their state of mind, their techniques and their needs, they recognized it and were content to develop it. Because their work was actually a part of the fabric of their lives, made with utter disregard of any standards but their own preferences and needs, it has that vitality and satisfying inevitability which has been our despair. But need be no longer.

Let us lay wreaths on their tombs, for the ancient crafts are dead. The Industrial Revolution is an accomplished fact, and sets the pattern of our lives. Like it or not, we find ourselves living in a Machine Age, an Age of Power, an Age of Mass Production. You may hate it and maintain that the turmoil grows ever more unbearable, the confusion more hopeless. You may curse the machines and turn your back on them. But unless you become a hermit you cannot escape them. They are inextricably involved in living at all in this age, and every one of us is a machinist of one sort or another.

And for those who do not set their faces against the current of their age, it has another aspect. To them the significant fact about our day is that after the chaos of transition there *is* a current, an unmistakable focussing of tendencies. And as always when the racial mind is made up and people think and feel with a degree of sympathetic accord, there is a powerful impulse to creation. We begin to realize what it is that, deep in our hearts, we really like and want to do.

We have a new vision, revealing a new beauty — new to us, but familiar in Athens: the beauty of precision, of exact relationships, of rhythmical proportions; the beauty whose first law is perfect fitness and performance, whose second is candor and direct simplicity, whose third is a harmony of elements mathe-

matically exact. It clothes itself in right lines, accurate and uncompromising angles, gleaming surfaces, an integration based on necessity and not on caprice. It is a beauty we have learned from the machines themselves, but we might have learned it from Nature if we had looked at Nature with the eye of science and not with the eye of sentimentality. It is a kind of beauty the machines are exactly fitted to produce, better than any craftsman could do with his hands. And to it our modern minds rise with keenest delight. A sleek dirigible against the sky, the soaring rectangularities of a skyscraper, the soft purring of an electric armature, stir the spirit of this day as no amount of rehashed antiquities ever could do.

Why go on telling people that beauty is to be sought somewhere else — in museums and libraries? They know their own kind of beauty when they see it, and never stop to consider whether or not it is art. It is not necessary that they should; it is the artist's business, the designer's worry, to see that the forms issuing from our machines are art.

Here is the great problem of design: to adapt itself to machine and mass production. Our job is to make the machines bring forth beauty. We shall have to recast all the things we make in forms natural and right for the machines to make, and stirring to the sensibilities of a mechanized age. We shall have to end the flood of futility and pretense poured out of the machines when they are set to rival the ancient handicrafts; and set them to create the geometrical precisions, the rhythmic harmonies of which they are so admirably capable.

And don't tell anybody that this is Modern Art: keep that as a secret among ourselves. The word Art has so long been drearily associated with mummies and masterpieces, and the self-confidence of this modern age is still so fragile, that the term thus applied would be alarming. By the time this age realizes what Modern Art really means, we shall be living in a frame of beauty, heartily and gustily enjoying it, rich in the possession of authentic style.

It may seem a fantastically optimistic dream, but really it is the law of human life: every age builds its own house after its own plan and in it achieves self-expression. Only such revolutionary storms as we have gone through can interrupt this process, and drive us to live in the ruins of other people's houses, eating at their broken tables and wearing their cast-off clothes. We've had enough of that. We can forego the "styles," leave the production of antiques to the past, and build our own house.

On the Personality of Roads

From "Wooden Swords" (Literary Guild of America)

Jacques Deval

A Charming Bit of Fancy Along the Way to Rheims

IT IS as true of roads as of men that there are no two alike. There are main highways, laden with business, commerce and trade, which cannot be persuaded to leave the telegraph lines on any excuse, and which go less from town to town than from bank to factory. Such roads are stingy with their time, always noting just how many kilometers they have gone, and taking no liberties with their distances, but running as straight as the columns in a ledger, or curving like an embrace; as tidy as clerks, and as dependable as cashiers. Gardens, parks, streams, or ruins, would seem as scandalous along their borders as naughty scribblings on a convent wall. At the most, their indulgences do not go beyond tall trees, as stiff and regular as the backs of law books.

Then there are carefree roads, the natural children of love and nature, which stray off at every provocation, are disturbed by no thoughts, and whose only preoccupation — if they might be said to have one — seems to be to go nowhere. You must never expect anything serious or weighty from such roads as these; dressed like lords in summer and like beggars in winter, they scamper up hills like boys climbing trees, and slide down the other side so recklessly that you are as likely as not to land at the bottom with broken bones. Of course, such roads usually come to a bad end; some are drowned in rivers they have jumped into on moonless nights; others are lost in a forest where suddenly, hunt hard as you may, it is impossible to find them again; the wolves have eaten them; sometimes four or five of them come together, each one more disreputable than the next, and over nothing at all, the green petticoat of a hawthorn or a nest of blackbirds, they fall to fighting, wrestle together, roll on the ground, strangle each other to death, and leave you there lost; they have eaten each other completely up, except for the tip of their tail, which wriggles off through the tall grass.

As a result of not having learned this sooner, we made the mistake of neglecting the main highway, which plodded toward

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Saba—Sublime and Ridiculous

Condensed from Holiday (October, '30)

Carol Harding

JUST where the sickle-shaped scatter of the West Indies bends away from Florida and Cuba, a black cone thrusts starkly up through the sea. Here is the heart of the glorious Spanish Main, the romantic Caribbean whose existence Columbus discovered. And in the midst rises Saba the incredible, Saba the sublime and ridiculous. Comical, conical, theatrical — a place which cannot be real, and yet which is.

Saba is the cone of an extinct volcano; a bare, black, precipitous rock, rising sheer 2000 feet above sea-level. The center of the cone is to all appearances solid to within some 300 feet of the top, where there is a bowl or depression; and here occurs the first paradox of this amusing island. Hidden within the bowl is the "capital" of the island, a town swung up in the air like a nest in a tree. And the inhabitants call their town Bottom!

The schooner which brings one from St. Eustatius approaches at full speed a blank face of formidable rock against which the waves roar and foam. No pier, no harbor, no beach. Suddenly a myrmidon leaps to the bow, sets a conch shell to his lips, expands his mighty chest — and blows. Again and yet again the blast breaks hard against that awesome wall of rock, now very close. Then as by magic, a fissure appears when there was none before; men put out from it in a small boat; the schooner comes about just in time to avoid destruction; and the limp passenger and other freight are unceremoniously dumped over the gunwale into the small boat and rowed to a lilliputian, rocky beach.

The "beach" boasts a Customs Office — a shack above tide line — and here the "Brigadier," in full regalia, assists at an official investigation of goods and luggage. The formalities over, men lift on their heads barrels of flour, trunks, crates — whatever is to go "up to Bottom." Even the passenger, should his muscles or his courage fail, is offered transportation on some willing cranium. The path upward — nothing but a crack in the wall of the volcano — leads through a ravine of wild and picturesque beauty.

Bottom (its official name is Leverock Town) is a toy village.

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Only a mile and a half in diameter, it is made up of tiny, jigsaw houses, all painted white with red roofs and green shutters, and each with a little fence about it and its miniature garden. No two of the houses are alike, and each outshines its neighbor in Dutch cleanliness and tidiness.

Saba is a Dutch possession. But here is one of its contradictions. The English language is commonly spoken, Dutch being heard only in the Governor's mansion and the government school. The children are *schooled* in Dutch but, after hours, they *learn* in English from the unofficial school where, with sextant and chronometer, is taught the business of every Saba man — seamanship.

A volcanic cone produces no trees. Hence Saba cuts no timber. Yet it is not so long ago that the chief activity of the place was (crowning paradox) the building of boats. Timber was imported, carried up the steep path on the heads of the patient inhabitants, hewn and planed and shaped and fitted, until a boat stood proudly, ready for the seas. By means of ropes the new vessel, brightly painted and adorned, was lowered over the side 2000 feet into the sparkling ocean. But shipbuilding has been given up, for it proved less costly to buy boats.

Another peculiarity of this unique settlement is the Who's Who. Almost the entire white population (some 2000 souls) consists of two families — the Simmondses and the Hassells. Yet with all this history of intermarriage, there is not a sign of degeneracy. The Simmondses are inhabitants of the capital, they are long-limbed, dark, and of English stock, descendants of some of Morgan's men who captured the island in 1665. They tend to be up-to-date, alert, and possess inquiring minds. A Hassell resides either in the town of Windward, on the far end of the ridge above Bottom, or at St. Michael's on the very rim of the crater itself. The Hassells are of Dutch origin, and are bluff, sandy complexioned, stocky and domestic in their outlook.

Another startling bit of information is in regard to the favorite place of worship, which is a little Catholic chapel built in the loneliest and most god-forsaken portion of this barren rock, in a nook naïvely named Hell's Gates.

And speaking of Hell, Saba possesses the only deposit of pure sulphur in America!

There being no harbor, Saba boasts her Harbor Master. Also a standing army of one man. There is a police station, of which the only occupant on record was one member of the police force who was confined by the other member. There are no wells, but drinking water never fails, for its source is

the clouds which fill the cisterns once a day regularly.

Saba knows one season all the year around — June — with a fresh sea-breeze always and no mosquitoes. Hence the island is regarded as a health resort by those who live in the lower levels of the tropical West Indies.

The life of Sabians is not gay. They are poor — though there is no want — and social activities are sharply limited. The advent of a stranger or two, therefore, is a welcome stimulus to conversation and to revenue. Comfortable quarters can be found at the tiny hotel.

Any idiosyncrasy such as each householder's insistence upon a well-polished coffin as part of his familiar furniture chills not at all the warm liveliness of the Sabian hospitality.

Surely never was a setting designed which so clamored for the genius of a Gilbert to immortalize it in light opera. When one thinks of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, the punishments that fit the crimes, the policeman's life which was not a happy one — perhaps the future American opera will borrow Saba for its stage.

On the Personality of Roads

(Continued from page 749)

Rheims as stolidly as a farmer to market and would have taken us there in an hour, for a path which, out of pure whim, at the place where we were, pretended to be a short-cut. And I must admit that at first it rushed us off like a drunken driver; but it soon stumbled against the canal, backed up as far as it had come, just missed getting lost a dozen times, persisted in trying to jump over a pond that was too big for it, and then ran in the hot sun to dry itself off. In short, it was four o'clock when we left it on the outskirts of Rheims, which it no sooner caught sight of than it forgot us entirely and fled like the devil from holy-water. It is probably still running.

Sex Appeal on the Air

From The Country Gentleman (November, '30)

Thompson Buchanan

WE WERE sitting in a big room in a New York office building largely occupied by a national broadcasting system — the president of the company, several others and myself.

The object of the meeting was to pick the actors for my first radio play, and I sat there curiously waiting to see what they looked like. Suddenly, from a hole in the wall, the opening lines of the play struck on my ear. Probably 50 speeches came over, then silence. That hole in the wall was a concealed loud-speaker.

"What do you think?" asked the president.

"I thought the character woman was pretty good," I ventured.

"So did I," he said. "We will try again."

Forthwith three different voices picked up the action. This time the leading man was voted the most effective.

After a moment three new voices took up the piece.

Then followed a discussion.

"I think that last girl had a lot of sex appeal," said one of our group.

As a matter of fact I thought her voice sounded as though she might be a girl I'd like to know, but it was beyond me how one could pick sex appeal in a voice. "How do you do it?" I asked.

"Sex appeal," insisted the radio expert, "on the air is something entirely different from sex appeal on the stage or in real life. Our theory is that the actor or actress who has sex appeal on the air isn't the lover type at all, but the sort women want to mother or old ladies to pet.

"If you'll notice you'll see that the most successful radio stars are the ones who have a sort of 'please treat me nice' quality. The big husky fellow who booms it out doesn't get anywhere. Or the snappy, independent girl, if her voice makes you think of that, is just an also-ran on the air."

A little discussion followed, then a phone message to the rehearsal studio: "Give us the character woman of group one, the leading man from group two, and the girl from group three."

Again the play was given.

"All right!" was the verdict. "Their voices don't clash. Send them up."

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Why Tammany Survives

Condensed from an editorial in The New Republic (Oct. 1, '30)

WEEK by week, and almost day by day, additional scandals are unearthed in the government of New York City. The list of men occupying important posts who have been charged with, or in some cases convicted of, wrongdoing, is now too extensive even to be set down in these pages. For the past month or two the revelations have mainly dealt with the city magistrates, but there is no reason to believe that the judiciary is much more corrupt than other branches of the municipal administration. Since Mayor Walker took office grave scandals have also been unearthed in half a dozen other departments. Indeed, the most significant aspect of the whole matter is that wherever the searchlight of investigation is turned, corruption is found. It goes without saying that the leaders of the Democratic party, which controls New York City through Tammany Hall, have shown singularly little interest either in finding out what is wrong or in remedying it.

It may be taken for granted, then, that Tammany's administration of New York is now the most inefficient and corrupt in many years. While it is true that the grafters are not so brazen as they were in the days of Croker and Tweed, it is also true that the amounts of money involved are enormously larger today than ever in the past. Fifty years ago, the main bases of corruption were prostitution and gambling. Today, bootlegging is, of course, an enormous source of illicit revenue to politicians and their friends, but the most important connection is with big business. The man with a $10,000,000 skyscraper to build, the steamship company asking a long lease on municipal wharves, the rapid-transit corporation seeking various favors, all give opportunities for graft a hundred times more profitable than is furnished by the keeper of a disorderly house or gambling den. Some of the most important sources of revenue now come under the heading of what is termed "honest graft," which is essentially gambling for a rise in the market, with the advantage of inside information. It is probable, for instance, that speculation in real estate along the route of a new subway, which has been determined upon but not yet made known to the public, returns greater profits in a few months than the old-fashioned crooked politician could accumulate in

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decades of earnest and illegitimate endeavor.

The plain fact of the matter is that the people of New York City find a satisfaction in supporting Tammany which is not destroyed by such evidence of dishonesty and inefficiency as has thus far been made public. All the available facts indicate that the citizens of the metropolis are not much interested in municipal honesty. If they realized how great is the cost to them of corruption and incompetency, their attitude might be altered; but this cost is now concealed. It is reflected in higher tax rates, but since they do not know what the tax rate ought to be, and have never heard that it is far lower in honestly administered communities, the figures mean nothing. Most of them, moreover, pay hardly any direct tax at all; the burden which Tammany lays on them comes in the form of higher rents, of an increased price for the necessities of life, of inadequate public-health service, dirty streets that ought to be clean, and the like. As long as the subway fare remains five cents, they are content.

Behind these facts, however, there lie still deeper ones. New York is the world's greatest center of entrenched wealth. Conspicuous waste, which Veblen years ago pointed out as the hallmark of the capitalist, goes on at a rate which has rarely been equaled since the days of ancient Rome. The notion that in America the poor do not envy the rich, because they expect some day to be rich themselves, is fallacious, at least in the metropolis; the man who must keep a family on $2300 (the average income in New York), hates the inhabitants of Park Avenue whose limousines cause him to leap for his life when he tries to cross the street. It is highly significant that Mayor Mitchel was defeated, when he sought reëlection, chiefly on the ground that he was a personal friend of the Vanderbilts.

Tammany today profits by a generation of muckraking, by the nationwide hatred of "Wall Street," by all the propaganda efforts of the Socialists. Its cohorts ignore the fact that leaders like Al Smith and Jimmy Walker are themselves millionaires, or rapidly moving toward that happy state; they forget that the district leader of today is more likely to be found wearing knickers and playing golf at an expensive country club than sitting behind a big cigar in the back room of a saloon. These leaders are shrewd enough to continue to talk in the accents of the mob, and to recite the shibboleths to which the mob is accustomed. Also Tammany's charity system is famous; a vast part of the time of the active workers is still

devoted to getting jobs for the good Democrats out of work, to rescuing them from jail if they have been guilty of petty offenses and to doling out free ice in summer, free coal in winter and other perquisites of negligible monetary but enormous spiritual value.

No government ever seemed so friendly, easy and familiar as does that of New York City to the loyal voter; and as long as Tammany is shrewd enough to maintain this pose, its power cannot be seriously challenged. From time to time it will, as its apologists are saying at present, "get a little careless" because it has stayed in power so long and so easily; but in its long perspective, such a storm as the present one is only a minor squall which will blow over without any real threat to the safety of the organization. If it is ever overthrown, it will be when its opponents look at the situation realistically, fight Tammany with its own weapons, and stop expecting the rank and file of the voters to display a moral indignation which, it is quite obvious, they do not feel.

Sex Appeal on the Air

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"Do you always choose your actors without looking at them?" I asked.

"Preferably," came the answer. "Of course, some of our directors would prefer sitting in the control room and watching through the glass, but when a man watches a pretty girl, unless he's very experienced, he doesn't pay proper attention to her voice. When television comes, it will be different, but until that time we don't care a hang how they look or what they wear — it's all how that voice comes over."

Soon the actors came in, and, to my surprise, I discovered that I knew them all, and had watched their work at various times on the stage, but hearing them over the mike I hadn't the slightest idea who they were or what they looked like.

A Museum that Comes to Life

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (October 26, '30)

Waldemar Kaempffert
Director of The Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago

TIME and again Henry Ford has stated that he is opposed to endowments or philanthropy in any form. And now, much to the astonishment of those who know him, he departs from a principle to which he has clung tenaciously by giving 1,000,000 marks to the Deutsches Museum of Munich. Powerful influences must have affected Henry Ford. Any one who has ever seen the Deutsches Museum or talked with Dr. Oskar von Miller, its founder, will understand what they are. Both the museum and Dr. von Miller are irresistible.

The Deutsches Museum is the most remarkable institution of its kind in the world. It is a convincing demonstration of what can be done to bring the fundamentals of science and engineering to the people. The difference between the Deutsches Museum and most others is the difference between a zoo with roaring lions and a collection of stuffed animals. Many of the hundreds of machines in the Deutsches Museum are in operation. Where glass cases are not absolutely indispensable, they are abandoned. Nothing is "verboten."

Not only this, but everywhere there are push-buttons and levers. Push and pull to your heart's content. Let the wheels spin around. See for yourself that after you have exhausted the air from a bell-jar the ticking of a watch within can no longer be heard. After that you will never forget that without air you cannot hear.

Spin this gyroscope and then try to force the wheel out of its plane of rotation and note that, even if you succeed, the wheel comes back as long as its spins. Press a button and see how water, as it flows from one lock to another, enables a canal boat to rise step by step over a mountain range. Hold up your hand to a fluoroscopic screen and throw a switch. An X-ray tube glows. You see the bones of your hand just as a physician sees them in a hospital.

Only von Miller could have conceived and carried out so far-reaching a plan. He was not a professional director of museums, but an electrical engineer of international reputation. He has the instincts of a first-class showman. P. T. Barnum would have been delighted with the Deutsches

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Museum. Even staid German professors of science pass through the halls of the Deutsches Museum as fascinated as any Bavarian peasant in leather breeches.

Von Miller slices a locomotive through the middle, jacks it up a few inches, and drives it electrically by concealed motors. Pistons move back and forth in their cylinders and slide valves open and close. In five minutes you learn more about the principles of locomotive design and operation than if you were to spend two weeks over textbooks.

The Deutsches Museum was in course of construction when von Miller changed the entire top story, over the indignant protest of the architect, to provide a domed space in which the wonders of the heavens were to be seen. It took many weary months of experimenting, but at last the first planetarium was designed and built. Now there are about 20 in the world, one of them in Chicago.

In a planetarium, 500 people take their seats and listen to a lecture as they behold the glory of the heavens unfolded with a realism that makes them accept the dome of the planetarium as the welkin itself. It can be manipulated. Years can be compressed into minutes, so that the sun and the planets race across the sky. The constellations can be hurried and located where they will appear 50,000 years hence; or the hands of the celestial clock can be turned back and the heavens made to appear as the prophets of the Bible saw them.

Von Miller, like other museum directors, believes in the "interior." He has reproduced the homes of Swiss lake dwellers, alchemical laboratories, an 18th century apothecary, engine rooms of ships, and — perhaps the masterpiece of the museum — a real coal mine. He is not content with telling you that hundreds of perfumes can be derived from coal-tar. He arranges open bottles in which synthetic perfumes are contained; also others, that emit corresponding natural odors. You sniff one scent after the other. So with optical instruments. Through microscopes you see for yourself such wonders as the tongue of a fly, the kit of lances and pumps carried by a mosquito, the structure of some deadly germ.

No institution in the world was ever called into being quite as this one was. Von Miller knew that it would require millions. He announced that he would not accept a salary as director of the museum. With his own example of self-denial, he became Europe's most magnificent beggar. He begged machines, instruments, money — begged so persuasively that no one could resist. He even begged much of the material of

which the museum is constructed, and begged the government to transport it free. His most triumphant piece of begging was his appeal to the workers who were building the museum. Would they work for nothing on Sundays and holidays? And this in Germany where labor unions reign supreme! The miracle happened.

The Deutsches Museum has nine miles of exhibits! Sixty thousand things to see! Nearly 400 separate rooms and halls! To walk rapidly through the vast collections, glancing only casually, takes about four hours. It would require perhaps 40 days to become acquainted with all the displays.

The answer to these statistical objections is easy. People come not once but over and over. Munich is a city of 600,000, yet 1,000,000 people a year walk through the Deutsches Museum. Von Miller is not alarmed at the size of his institution. He dreamed in the very beginning of a whole group of museums, each devoted to a special phase of technology, convinced that if his presentation were simple the crowds would come.

The example of the Deutsches Museum has not been lost on America. Similar institutions are planned for Dearborn, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Los Angeles. Of these institutions, that of New York was the first to be planned, and is provisionally established in an office building.

But of all American technical museums, the furthest advanced is that of Chicago. It is not to be a slavish imitation of Munich's splendid creation. Von Miller's principle is to be extended. What do various machines mean in our lives? It is this question that the Museum of Science and Industry of Chicago intends to answer. There the typewriter is displayed not only as a substitute for the pen but as a machine that put women into countless offices where they had never been before. The Otis elevator will be shown as the creator of the skyscraper. The cotton gin of Eli Whitney will become the principal actor in a social drama in which the whole character of the South is changed, in which slaves are imported to pick cotton for the textile mills, in which a bloody Civil War figures to settle the problem created by the slave.

Thus for the first time the social phases and cultural aspects of science and technology will be interpreted in a technical museum, and by the very machines that made this civilization possible.

The Truth About War Flyers

Condensed from Popular Aviation (December, '30)

Captain Bogart Rogers
War Ace, and contributor to leading magazines

EVERY time I hear someone speak of the war in the air — the late war and the French air — as a gallant and romantic business, a modern counterpart of the chivalrous strife of old, I break right out laughing.

Well, it wasn't.

It was a cold, calculating, deadly occupation. If you could shoot the other fellow in the back when he wasn't looking, or bring odds of ten to one against him, so much the better. The archives disclose no inspiring examples of a dozen or fifteen courageous young fliers refusing to assault a single enemy because he hadn't a Chinaman's chance of escaping. That came under the heading of "cold meat," and cold meat was a favorite dish.

A lot has been written about the most famous heroes of the war — Guynemer, Ball, Bishop, Richtofen, Fonck, Rickenbacker, Luke and a host of others. Their chroniclers have told what these fellows did in the air, but they say little about what they did on the ground — what they thought, how they felt or why they felt that way.

War fliers were a class apart from the rest of the army. They shook hands with death almost as soon as they started training. They were young men, very young, for the most part, and inclined to be wild. Death was always just around the bend. They knew if the war lasted they wouldn't. So they lived a dizzy pace. Life was to be short — they would make it sweet.

These lads resorted to many devices to make a nerve-racking business a little more easy to bear — embraced them unconsciously for the most part, without recognizing them as the salvation they really were.

Four of these stand out:

A gradually acquired callousness and indifference to anything that might happen.

Strong drink and lots of it.

A sense of humor, grim and distorted perhaps, that enabled them to push tragedy across the hair-line that separates it from comedy.

An ability to find solace in the doctrine of fatalism.

Callousness and a hard-boiled and unsympathetic attitude were the chief salvation of the air service. Outwardly nobody was sympathetic. If your best friend

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was shot down, you masked a breaking heart by declaring he was a damn fool who should have had better sense. What else could these boys do? They couldn't go all to pieces every time one of their pals "went west." They had to carry on.

Only once did I see an entire squadron really go to pieces. It was a most unpleasant affair — like a baby's funeral.

Little Jerry Flynn was the pet of the squadron — a Canadian kid who was just 18, but a captain, a flight commander and a veteran at this new kind of slaughter. The boys didn't like Jerry — they loved him — as you'd love a kid brother.

One afternoon the whole outfit went on a short patrol over the lines, so short and so simple that everyone got careless. Three miles over, a dozen Fokkers appeared from nowhere. Jerry never saw them. Before the rest could come to his rescue he was tumbling down in flames.

His particular pal was a chap named Green. When Green landed and crawled out of his plane the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He'd been crying all the way home. "Poor little Jerry," he sobbed. "Oh, my God! They got him in flames! It was all my fault — I let him down — I didn't protect him."

Everyone was on the verge of tears but it was not until dinner that the whole outfit blew up like a toy balloon. There were more cocktails than usual — it was the easiest way to forget. They guzzled them like water, but the drinks had no effect — the place was a morgue. Nobody talked — nobody dared talk. Jerry's seat was vacant — there wasn't a soul who would occupy it.

It happened suddenly. A kid named John Trusler hurled his glass the length of the mess and leaped to his feet. He swore and cursed and cried. He cursed God and the Germans. He cursed the war and the army. He cursed his parents because he was born. He told little Jerry Flynn — who he knew was in the room listening, sitting right in that chair — that he didn't have to worry. They couldn't kill him and get away with it.

They tried to stop him, and finally pulled him down in his chair. He hid his head in his hands and sobbed horribly. Half of the fellows were bawling.

The next morning the hard-boiled masks were up again. They had to be, of course. They all told each other it was just another binge. They kidded Trusler for getting on a crying jag.

The boys whose records showed a lot of hours at the bar were the ones who chased the Hun hardest. Those who chose to "shun the fatal curse of drink" were able to think straight. But you did your-

self no favor by keeping a clear head. Abstainers had plenty of time for cogitation. They could mentally figure their chances of coming through with a whole skin — which were awfully slim when you looked the facts in the face. So they worried and fretted and had no way to get the fears and horrors out of their systems.

Lack of imagination was another blessing. The less you had of it the more happy you could be. And there was one almost universal weakness of imagination that helped everyone tremendously — they couldn't imagine themselves dead. The great aces were knocked over one by one. They could be caught unawares and shot to pieces in the air or tumble down in flames or destroy themselves in a crash, but you couldn't quite imagine these things happening to yourself.

Most fliers, I think, were fatalists. You simply decided your destiny was predetermined and inevitable, and ceased worrying about what might happen to you. When your time came it would come.

Howard Knotts is only one of thousands of cases in point. He was being run down by a Hun who sat on his tail and wouldn't get off. With his head turned, Knotts was watching his adversary every instant, trying to outmaneuver him or escape.

A flurry of bullets passed his face — one of them hit him on the bridge of the nose, so lightly it scarcely broke the skin. Somebody chased the Hun away — or Knotts finished him, I don't remember which — and he came home and repaired the damage with a piece of courtplaster. The old man with the scythe had missed him by, perhaps, one six-hundredth of an inch.

These narrow squeaks happened every day. A few of them were convincing proof that you had no more control over your destiny than you had over what Ludendorff ate for breakfast.

Major Bill Barker emerged from one of the wildest aerial battles of the war as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, but alive. Richtofen was killed by a single bullet, a chance shot fired wildly and at long range that found his brain.

All in all, fatalism was an eminently practical doctrine. Those who believed their time would come when it came were light worriers.

Dulling the Axe of Dismissal

Condensed from Nation's Business (October, '30)

Edward S. Cowdrick

Author of "Manpower in Industry," and "Industrial History of the United States"

FARMER Jones sells butter and cream and eggs. For ten years he has brought his produce to my door twice each week, and I have paid his bill every month. Then one day I decide to sell my house and move away. So I tell Farmer Jones that I shall not buy any longer. He replies that he is glad to have had my trade for ten years. Nobody in town thinks that I ought to keep on paying money to the farmer when I no longer need his wares.

Molder Smith is hired by the Behemoth Metal Company. For ten years he has worked every day in the foundry. Then one day the company decides to shut down the foundry, or to close the plant entirely and move away, and the foreman tells Molder Smith that he will not need him any longer. He replies that he is sorry to lose a good job, but that his back wages are all paid and that he is glad to have had steady work for ten years. Nobody in town thinks—

Wait: something seems to be wrong with this picture. In real life, Molder Smith's reply is not likely to be the same as Farmer Jones', and the opinion of the public is tolerably certain to be quite different. But why?

In recent years there has been a distinct trend away from the idea that labor is bought and sold, and toward a conception of employment as a lifetime relationship. The man who works for one employer for 10 or 15 years, even if he does not actually obtain a vested right to his job, at least builds up a presumption that he will finish his active service in the same company. To break off the connection becomes a serious step not to be taken hastily by either party.

This increased stability of labor is partly responsible for at least these developments in present-day American industry:

Labor and management have gained in efficiency through the reduction of labor turnover and the increased security of the job.

Wages and standards of living have been increased, since men who have steady work earn more than those who are forced to shift from shop to shop.

Increased stability lessens the number of vacancies that are to be filled.

Many companies hesitate to

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accept into permanent relationship men who have reached or passed middle age, and therefore set maximum hiring-age limits.

The industrial pension obligation has gained general recognition among the larger companies.

The pension takes care of the superannuated worker — the man of 65 or 70 who has given a lifetime of service. But with the modern conception of the permanency of the employment relationship has come a realization that serious problems arise when, for any reason, men of considerable service must be laid off before they have qualified for pensions.

A considerable number of liberal-minded employers have adopted the expedient of paying laid-off employes cash indemnities. These payments, usually called "dismissal wages" or "lay-off compensation" (a Chicago newspaper reporter coined the phrase "industrial alimony") usually are graded according to age and length of service.

While the custom is too new to have permitted the development of a standard practice, it is rather common to pay the equivalent of a week's salary or wages for each year of service. Occasionally the payment is more liberal — perhaps as high as two weeks' wages for each year. Usually a minimum length of service — perhaps ten years — is set as the point at which payment of compensation begins.

In some companies compensation has been limited to lay-offs resulting from the permanent shutdown of plants. In others it has been used when drastic reductions of force occasioned the dismissal of long-service employes. In still others, compensation has been paid to individual workers dropped from the rolls because of inability to learn new processes.

Allowances of the kind here described have some points of resemblance to unemployment insurance. But, unemployment insurance is intended to supply partial support to the worker during periods of enforced idleness. Dismissal compensation, on the other hand, operates for the benefit of the man permanently laid off through causes for which the employer takes responsibility, and it is intended less as a means of support than as emergency relief.

Indemnity to laid-off employes is so new a feature that no effort has yet been made to find out the extent to which it has been adopted. Possibly a dozen or a score of nationally known corporations have definite schedules of payment. Experienced observers of personnel practices look for a rapid spread of the policy.

But why, in a period of business recession and reduced earnings, should managers disburse large sums of stockholders' money to workers who have already received their full wages? Search for an answer to this question takes us back to labor stability and the increased permanence of the employment relation. That an obligation exists will scarcely be denied by the enlightened industrial manager.

Companies with reputations for ruthlessness in casting workers adrift are rapidly incurring public disfavor; and public disfavor is a distinct liability. Further, the sentiment of employes within the organization is powerfully influenced by the management's attitude toward men whose services are no longer needed, and a liberal policy in this respect will be reflected in heightened morale and improved efficiency.

Moreover, the lay-offs for which compensation is paid are nearly always for the benefit of the company. In closing a plant, for example, the management ordinarily expects to effect economies. These economies should not be obtained wholly or mainly at the expense of the employes.

Labor unions in some cases have coöperated in indemnifying laid-off members. When in the men's clothing industry the increased use of cutting machines reduced the demand for cutters, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, jointly with several large employers, raised funds for the payment of compensation wages. Cutters released by one firm were paid $500 each, with the understanding that they were to leave the clothing industry and seek other means of livelihood.

The greatest value of the termination wage, for the man who receives it, is that it gives time to look about for a new job. Here the employer can help. In some cases of plant shut-down, management and employes' representatives have taken counsel together on ways of relocating the affected wage-earners.

Some companies have conferred with local chambers of commerce and other public organizations in behalf of men threatened with dismissal. In at least one or two cases, employment agents of competing concerns have been invited to the factory before it stopped operations, to take their choice of the wage-earners.

By these methods, coupled with lay-off compensation and with increased attention to regularization of employment and production, American industry in coming years should make real progress in conquering the workingman's most formidable foe — the peril of enforced unemployment.

Backstage with "The Lawd"

Condensed from The Christian Century (October 22, '30)

Paul Hutchinson
Managing Editor of The Christian Century

DR. EDWARD A. STEINER, disappointed at the effect produced upon himself by the great pageant of Oberammergau, contrasts with that his experience in attending New York's current outstanding drama, "The Green Pastures." "On Broadway I went to see a show," he testifies, "and I saw God." Others have come away from this play with the same feeling. What does it mean? Has the American stage, even in this period of low repute, produced a drama with genuine religious value?

There can be no question about the effect which witnessing "The Green Pastures" has on its audiences. "It stirred and moved me," writes Franklin P. Adams who, as columnist of the New York World, ranks as the principal jester for the metropolitan intelligentsia, "more than any play I can remember to have seen." But does it do the same thing to those who act in it? I believe that no drama deserves the reputation of being religious unless it has a religious effect upon those who act in it. To apply this test, I went backstage.

The region behind the curtain in the Mansfield theater is much like that in any other such building — scenery in position; scenery awaiting use; switchboards; banks of lights; an overhead jungle of ropes and drops; iron-railed stairways leading up to the dressing rooms.

Before the curtain goes up on "The Green Pastures" scores of Negroes wander about the stage. They come in from the street, looking no different from other members of their race, cross the stage swiftly to their rooms to go about the business of making up. The youngsters who comprise the Rev. Mr. Deshee's Sunday school, or who, with white wings wired to their shoulders, supply the cherubs for heaven's fish fry, wander about among their elders, never seeming to get in anybody's way. The stage manager, a white man, says he has never worked with a company so easy to control, in which there was so much good fellowship, so little jealousy. In a play containing 59 speaking parts, with more than 90 in the company, that is saying something.

Of course, the two actors whom I most wanted to meet, and watch, were Mr. Richard B. Harrison,

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who plays the part of the Lord, and Mr. Daniel L. Haynes, who is Adam in the first act and Hezdrel in the second. These are the outstanding rôles. What does the play mean to the men who portray them?

You know the minute you meet Mr. Harrison that he is a man with great resources of character. It is a strange experience that has come to this man of 66. This is his first part as an actor. Today he is the star of the most successful play in New York. But until this play opened its run last spring he was an almost unknown "reader" on various lyceum circuits. Born in Canada, the son of escaped slaves, Mr. Harrison spent more than 40 years appearing before schools, churches, chautauqua audiences and clubs in this country, in Canada, and even in Mexico, reciting. His reputation rested on his rendition of Shakespeare, whom he is said to be able to recite, from memory, almost entire. But when I asked him as to the truth of the story that he had to be taught Negro dialect in order to assume his present rôle he smiled. "No Negro would have to be taught dialect," he told me.

"It is a wearing thing to act in a play like this," Mr. Harrison confessed. "There are some performances when it seems as though we could hardly get through to the finish. It's not only me; it's that way for all of us. As we build up toward the climax of those closing scenes — toward the Exodus scene, and then that scene with Hezdrel, and that last scene in heaven while the crucifixion is taking place on earth — the tension grows terrific. This is a powerful play; you dare not take it lightly."

"Do you regard it as a genuine play? Does it show religious ideas as the naïve Negro actually holds them?"

"Oh, it's genuine, unquestionably. Of course, the spirituals which the choir sings help. Those are so completely our songs that, if we were in danger of wandering off into something merely theatrical I am sure they would bring us back. But that's not needed. Mr. Connelly, the author, has probed clear down to the emotional basis of the Negro's religious life."

The stage manager summoned Mr. Harrison. As he left me, I watched him pass through a bevy of youngsters, waiting to appear in the play's first scene. "Good evenin', Lawd." The form of address seemed general. Nobody, I noticed, spoke to this dignified, white-haired man, so much like the preacher he is supposed to represent, as "Mr. Harrison." Nobody, that is, except the white stage hands.

There is a simplicity about the man which adds greatly to his

power. Other members of the company told me how he has refused to wear an elaborate dressing-robe they bought for him. On the days when there are matinees, and he must eat between performances in the theatrical district, a visit to a neighboring "automat" is quite enough to satisfy the pretensions of this star. As he sits quietly in his chair off-stage, waiting for the curtain to go up, or for his part to come in the dialogue, patting the head of any youngster who may be within reach, smiling encouragement at other performers, the man is the personification of gentleness and dignity.

Daniel L. Haynes is a very different type. He is a magnificently built young man, and already has an extensive theatrical career behind him. He has appeared in such notable plays as "The Bottom of the Cup," "Earth," and "Show Boat," and he portrayed the leading rôle in that remarkable motion picture, "Hallelujah."

"Yes, I know that there has been some question of the propriety of portraying God on the stage," he said in answer to my question. "In fact, I wondered about it myself when the part was first offered me. But I asked my priest to read it — you know, I am a Catholic — and he passed it on up until it had been read by the cardinal, and all of them were convinced that it was a portrayal of true religious feelings. And it certainly is just that."

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, because of its conception of a growing God — a God who starts as a God of wrath and anger; but a God who learns to love and suffer. You remember the scene toward the end where Hezdrel says, 'Anyway, he ain't a fearsome God no mo'. Hosea showed us dat.'

"Then God asks: 'How you s'pose Hosea found dat mercy?' And Hezdrel answers: 'De only way he could find it. De only way I found it. De only way anyone kin find it. Through sufferin'.'

"And that's the way the play ends. God sitting there in heaven, thinking about what Hezdrel has said, asking himself, 'Did he mean dat even God must suffer?' And then that final off-stage voice: 'Oh, look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey goin'to nail him to it! Oh, dat's a terrible burden for one man to carry!'"

It is quite evident that "The Green Pastures" speaks as movingly to the men and women who play in it as it does to those who watch their performance. That seems to me the final test. It marks the play as a sincere contribution to the awakening of the religious spirit. Perhaps it will help to teach us what religious drama really is.

LOUIS ADAMIC (p. 695), student of the history and methods of the labor movement, is a Jugo-Slav by birth; he has worked at many trades and occupations, thus knowing labor conditions at first hand.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (p. 679). Five of Mr. Adams' books, dealing either with phases of development in New England or with principles of statesmanship, have been listed by the League of Nations among the 46 most important books published in the United States in their respective years. He has been a member of the Pulitzer prize jury since 1924.

SIGMUND SPAETH (p. 682), music critic and writer, in New York City since 1912, has been musical editor of "Life," the "Evening Mail," on the editorial staff of the New York "Times," musical correspondent of the "Boston Transcript," and radio announcer.

RAYMOND BLAINE FOSDICK (p. 685), one of New York's most brilliant lawyers — brother, by the way, of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick — writes authoritatively and charmingly on political and social problems. Other books are "European Police Systems," "American Police Systems," "Keeping Our Fighters Fit."

ALZADA COMSTOCK (p. 691) has visited Russia twice in two years. Her special interests are in international finance, industry and agriculture.

GILBERT SELDES (p. 699) began his writing career in 1914 as music critic on the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger." Following World War experience abroad as a newspaper correspondent, he became associate editor of "Collier's" and later managing editor of "The Dial."

STUART CHASE (p. 702) is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc. He began his career as a certified public accountant. His specialty has been the study of labor problems at close range.

JANET RANKIN AIKEN, Ph.D. (p. 706) is instructor in English at Columbia University.

MARY B. MULLETT (p. 708) was formerly special feature writer for the New York "Sun," "Times," and for newspaper syndicates. Since 1917, she has been on the Editorial Staff of the "American Magazine" (managing editor 1917–1924).

HARRY LORIN BINSSE (p. 711) has been "college traveller" for the Oxford University Press, Managing Editor of the "Living Age," a writer of editorial paragraphs for the "Commonwealth" and a contributor to the "Antiquarian."

SAMUEL CROWTHER (p. 714) was newspaper correspondent in England and Germany, 1918 and 1919, for the New York Tribune and System Magazine; and special correspondent in Europe for Collier's in 1923. He has collaborated with Henry Ford in writing two books, and with Harvey S. Firestone in "Men and Rubber."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS (p. 720), former editor of the Woman's Home Companion and of McClure's Magazine, is the author of "This King Business," "Our American Kings" and "Travel Charts and Travel Chats."

THOMAS JEFFERSON WERTENBAKER (p. 726) is a Virginian, educated at the University of Virginia. He writes of Virginia, — "Politician and Plebeian in Virginia," "Virginia Under the Stuarts," "Planters of Colonial Virginia," — and also "The American People — a History," and "The First Americans."

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM (p. 735) was a lyceum and Chautauqua lecturer for 18 years. He is a member of the Editorial Staff of the American Magazine and of the Editorial board of Eugenics Magazine.

HAMILTON HOLT (p. 743) is now President of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida (since 1925). Previously, for 24 years, he had been connected with "The Independent," becoming Editor and owner. In 1918 he was liaison officer between the American peace delegation and the League to Enforce Peace (of which latter he was a founder, as also of other international movements). He toured the United States speaking for the League. He is the author of "Undistinguished Americans," "Commercialism and Journalism."

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT (p. 757), formerly editor of Popular Science Monthly and Science Editor of the New York "Times," is director of the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry; and has written "History of Astronomy" and "New Art of Flying." He edited "A Popular History of American Invention."

PAUL HUTCHINSON (p. 764), previous to his editorship of "The Christian Century," was in China as Editor of the "China Christian Advocate" and Chairman of the China Christian Literary Council. He has written "The Spread of Christianity," "China's Real Revolution," "The United States of Europe," "Men Who Made the Churches."

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